# The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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## SHE AVENGED AN INSULT.

**A Professional "Masher" entrapped into a Good Beating and a Dose of Tacks.**

The Mirror of Life
ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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THE tragic death of Martial Bourdin, the Frenchman, at Greenwich Park, has been the means of urging the authorities into suppressing such dangerous specimens of the human race. Our metropolis appears to be an excellent spot for the Anarchist to flock to and concoct some nefarious scheme against a friendly nation. He has no other object in view, but to kill and create confusion in general. The more dastardly his deed the greater hero he becomes amongst those of his ilk, and the notoriety alone appears to be the only source of revenue for the outrages he perpetrates.

The Scotland Yard authorities are to be congratulated for the move they are making, and it is to be hoped that they shall succeed in effectually exterminating the cowardly assassins. Bourdin's actions showed that he had no desire for any settled occupation, but possessed a strong inclination for notoriety. It would appear that he plotted the destruction of the great Observatory at Greenwich, and was prevented by the unexpected explosion which brought his miserable career to a timely end.

* * *

IT appears to be a general complaint that interest is not so great in boxing contests as it might be. The problem, however, is readily solved when it is taken into consideration that there are too many unsatisfactory contests being decided from time to time. What people seek is quality and not quantity. In our ring columns we give what appears a reasonable solution, and offer suggestions as to how a revival could be brought about.

* * *

JAMES RYMER is about with blood in his eye seeking competitors in a contest against him at rapid shaving. William Lloyd should come forward and make an effort to relieve the sufferings of the "Mile End Marvel." THE MIRROR OF LIFE prize will be given to the best man, and knights of the razor who fancy their speed at face scraping should not hesitate to signify a willingness to compete.

* * *

A MAN "dead broke" and refuses to fight for less than £3,000! only think of it. It is a fact nevertheless, and Bob Fitzsimmons is the gentleman who shuns proposals for a smaller sum of money. Were he to come here he would be in luck to receive one-third of that amount from any legitimate club.

* * *

JOHN L. SULLIVAN is again on the warpath, and wants a crack at Frank Slavin. It would make a real good slugging match, because both believe in rushing matters when in the ring.

* * *

NEXT week we shall give illustrations of the Waterloo Cup struggle. Our special artist will be in attendance and make correct sketches of the big event.

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HAIR-DRESSING parlours and public-houses should always keep THE MIRROR OF LIFE on file for the benefit of customers. Proprietors of such places will certainly find it to their advantage financially to accept this "tip," because the people who patronise such establishments frequently display an inclination to look over interesting journals, and the MIRROR OF LIFE is at the head of that list.

## WILL HE SUCCEED?

**A Novel Wager not easy to win.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

"MORE than one book has been written about whimsical wagers, but no stranger bet has ever been recorded than that just made by a young man in this city," says a Boston, U.S.A. correspondent. "He has staked a large sum of money on his ability to start for a tour round the world with absolutely nothing more in his possession than he was born with, and to return at the end of one year worth 5,000 dols. The conditions of the wager, it will be observed, render it necessary for him to commence his long journey in a state of nudity; and accordingly, at the call of time, he stripped naked and began his task 'in puris naturalibus.' As a railway station or a steamboat landing would, in the circumstances, be inconvenient, a Turkish bath was selected as the most suitable point of departure. There the traveller will have to remain until, by services rendered to the bathers, he has earned sufficient to apparel himself, and emerge from seclusion without running the risk of being arrested by the guardians of public morality. His real name is kept secret, but he has chosen the 'nom de voyage' of Paul Jones; and he is said to be a graduate of Harvard, of whose crew he was formerly captain, and to be wealthy. His bet is not so foolish as at first glance it may appear. The traveller's object, it would seem, is to prove the truth of the old maxim which tells us that 'where there's a will there's a way,' and that if a man does not get on in this world the fault is the man's, and not the world's. He entered the Turkish bath the other day, divested himself of his clothes, and jumping into the plunge bid his friend adieu, the friend taking the clothing away."

## COINING MONEY.

**Raid on a Private Mint results in a Rich Capture.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

A COUNTERFEITING mint was discovered recently in full blast in a little one-story brick building in Brooklyn, U.S.A. The building is 16ft by 32ft, and has a cellar, which was used for living purposes by the counterfeiters. It has a front and a side entrance, and the approach to the mint from the street was through a long and wide alley.

When the raid was made by the United States Secret Service, Detectives Callahan, Burnett, and Esqueros, there were two men in the place hard at work turning out base coin. Both were arrested.

The plant included four presses, two of which were over 5ft high; a forge, seven dies, crucibles, moulds, gold, silver, tin, copper, and other metals and machinery needed. An unfinished twenty-five-cent piece was found in one of the presses.

The prisoners were August Nederland aged twenty-six years, and Alois Fentmon, aged thirty-two, who lived in the Mint Both are Russian Jews. Nederland is an expert engraver and machinist. The little building was put up only six months ago by George Alger, who owns the front house, and was rented to Nederland by F. A. Ferguson, Mr. Alger's agent, soon after its erection.

The rent was 8dols. a month. Nederland said that he wanted to use the place for manufacturing jewellery, and no suspicion was excited in the neighbourhood when the presses and machinery were moved in about four months ago.

The two prisoners are the only men who have been seen on the premises, and Walter Rodenburg, who lives in the front house, says that since they moved in they have been hard at work every day, and often at night, not even suspending their operations on Sunday. A woman, supposed to be Nederland's wife, was a frequent visitor.

The counterfeiters confined their work to 25-cent and 10-cent pieces. The coins are said to have been excellent imitations, containing sixty per cent of silver. The finding of the gold and some dies indicates, it is believed, that the men were planning to turn out gold pieces.

CALLER (looking at "shut the door" sign): "I suppose if I were to leave the door open you would catch cold."

Merchant: "Yes; and you would catch h—ll."

## SHE IS A WONDER.

**A Society Belle who could Kick or Turn Handsprings.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

"YES, I've come to the conclusion that there is fame for me on the stage, and all I want is someone to speak for me." The lady was a fair maiden of twenty years of age, and as pretty as a picture.

"Now perhaps I can assist you," said a MIRROR OF LIFE representative, "but would like to see you do a turn before I speak a word to any manager. Can you sing?"

"Sing!" she ejaculated. "I dance the Serpentine, Kouta-Kouta, do a high kick, and can turn handsprings as good as any in the profession. My ambition is to be a high-kicker. Call Thursday evening at 9 o'clock and you will soon see what I can accomplish."

Being desirous of cultivating the acquaintance THE MIRROR OF LIFE representative availed himself of the invitation and paid a visit to a swell residence not a great distance from Olympia the appointed evening, and found that quite a select party was present. A song or two passed a pleasant hour, when Miss Helen —— announced herself prepared to divest herself of her apparel and

**Put on Tights**

But a short time elapsed when Miss Helen walked in the conservatory, where we had assembled, clad in tights, her pretty face and perfect form being sufficient to turn any mortal's brain. Being looked upon as the critic I lowered a chandelier and held up a book for her to kick. She kept me raising higher and higher, and then I suggested a dance, volunteering to play on the piano for her. "No; I want you to be a judge of dancing, not an orchestra." I watched. My head swam. I moved on one side. As light as a bird she swung to the right, threw her slippered foot toward heaven, turned three times on her left, swinging her right limb behind her, and catching her slipper buckle, she posed. I thought it was the end. But no. Still holding her foot, she bounded forward, plunged her right hand into the couch, and, giving a graceful somersault, she landed on the opposite side of the couch, touching the bells on the chandelier with her disengaged right foot as she made the turn. She then stood on her hands and paddled across the floor.

"You are sure to become famous," I exclaimed, and the rest of the party voiced my sentiments.

"Can you suggest a stage name?"

After a few moments' thought I suggested that as she was a society lady, and desired to keep her acquaintances in ignorance, aside from intimate friends, that "Belle, the Peerless" would be appropriate.

"Quite proper," she exclaimed, "and after we had all congratulated her on her remarkable performance she retired to her room, and I bade the party good evening. I have not mentioned the fact as yet to any theatrical manager, but "Belle the Peerless" will set the gay young men wild with admiration when she makes her début.

## CHAMPION THIEF CATCHER.

**A Dublin Business Man Catches his Clerk in the Act.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

FOR some time since a Dublin business man has been disturbed over petty robberies which have taken place after business hours. He was not aware of the fact that his trusted clerk possessed a duplicate key, and therefore did not suspect him. He set a trap in the safe recently, and on reaching his shop the following morning found his trusted clerk fast asleep, the safe door open, and his left hand secured in the trap. Though he is not prosecuting the thief, the parents of the dishonest clerk have been compelled to make restitution of all the stolen money, which in total was a considerable amount. The thief will carry the scars of his misadventure to his dying day.

OFFICE BOY (to Butcher): "Mr. Serial wants a shilling's worth of sliced ham wrapped up in the continuation of the story you sent him yesterday with the sausages."

## HARRY LAING.

**New Zealand Champion Pugilist.**

*(With Portrait.)*

THE New Zealand Champion, Harry Laing, who recently defeated Joe Goddard at Melbourne, Australia, is a quarter-caste Maori, and was born at Blenheim, New Zealand, 32 years ago. In the northern part of New Zealand he fought and defeated Shepherd, Headhouse, and Withey, a man weighing 17 stone. Shortly after taking up his abode in Wanganui, Laing fought a great battle with Dillon, who held out for over an hour and a half before being compelled to cry enough. Then Mitchell, weighing 15 stone—a mountain of bone and muscle—fell before his conquering arm. His next apponent, Teague, was knocked out in one round. It was from this date that Laing was called upon to tackle men who knew as much about the business as he did himself; but what he lacked in science he gained in strength, and only once was he really extended. His later battles were as follow:—December 13, 1886, defeated Laurie, £20, in six rounds; May 9, 1887, defeated Pettengell, £200, in seven rounds; June 6, defeated Murphy, £40 a-side, in three rounds. All these fights took place at Wanganui. At Wellington, June 28, defeated Cunningham, £50, in seventeen rounds; and on October 18, defeated Richardson, £50, in eleven rounds. At Wanganui, on November 21, defeated Richardson, £50, in six rounds; January 5, 1888, defeated Mathews, £100 and championship belt, in four rounds. At Auckland, on March 29, defeated Mathews, £100 and championship, in one round and a half. Beaten by F. P. Slavin in five and a half rounds; beat Pettingell again, this time in Dunedin, in six rounds; beat "The Stranger" at Timaru in a round and a half; beat Francis in a round and a half; beat Orbell, for £25 a side, in a round and a half. Fought Billy Smith at Wanganui. At the end of thirteen rounds the authorities stopped the contest; fought Smith an eight round draw at Wellington. He went over to Victoria four years ago, and beat Owen Sullivan in forty-three rounds; beat "Starlight" in a round and a half at Brisbane; beat Wilson, the Ipswich champion, in two rounds; received £25 forfeit from "The Infant" in Brisbane; beat Starr at Parramatta in a little over a round; beat Joe Goddard in eleven rounds and a half, for £150, at the Cumberland Athletic Club on January 1, 1894. He stands 5ft 9in in height, and usually weighs in condition 12st 10lb. His measurements are—chest, 41½in; biceps, 15in · thigh, 25in; calf, 16in.

## THEY TOOK THE PRIZE.

**An Enterprising Furniture Dealer's Offer Brings about a Marriage.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

"SO you have not heard the latest advertising dodge? Well, I'll tell it to you," said a club man the other evening. "It occurred in one of the busy streets of London. A large furniture shop displayed a card in the show window offering the bedroom suite on exhibition to any couple who would have their marriage ceremony performed on a certain day in the spacious window. It was some time before any had the courage to accept the proposal, and not till the day it was to exhaust did a young lady notify the head of the firm that she would consent to an arrangement for the marriage. Two days' display of the notice was sufficient to produce a large gathering at the appointed hour, and when the happy couple walked towards the show window from the centre of the shop within, followed closely by the clergyman, a rousing cheer went up from the onlookers on the outside. It was all over in about five minutes, and I should venture to say it will be many a long day ere the bridegroom will recover from the shock it gave him. No; the girl took it all right, because she was after that furniture, and, as for the parson, the fee covered a multitude of sins in his estimation. That is what I call unique advertising and thorough business enterprise. Of course it has brought plenty of trade to that shop, and well it should do."

## THE MISSING LINK.

**Positive Proof of a Wife's Infidelity.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

THE finding of a link cuff button on the floor of his wife's boudoir has established to her husband proof of her infidelity. Whilst he was standing before the dressing case shaving a few days since, a young solicitor at St. John's Wood trod on something in the rug which felt rather hard. He picked it up, and finding it to be a man's link cuff button he summoned his wife and accused her of infidelity. The proof was too convincing for a denial, and he now declares his intention of seeking a release. The guilty wife has been forced to seek shelter with her relatives, and henceforth they will be as strangers.

## A WIFE FROM AN AGENCY.

**A Union brought about by a Matrimonial Agent produces a Law Suit.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

"Is it Stella you wish?" said the manageress of the Matrimonial Bureau, in New Jersey, U.S.A.

"No, I'm after Armenia, she is about my style you know, and you can tell her I will make her my wife," said an instructor of a Paterson Board School.

The introduction occurred, and after a brief courtship marriage soon followed. Now they want the nuptial knot untied, and to that end Mrs. Armenia Chadwick has brought suit in Jersey City for divorce. Mr. Chadwick was a widower, and had several children when he became acquainted with his present wife through a matrimonial agency. The plaintiff is young and pretty, and it is evident that she is a person of positive conviction. Before she met Mr. Chadwick she was a typewriter. In giving evidence she testified that when Mr. Chadwick was courting her he wrote never less than four letters a day. In every one of them he importuned her to marry him, and she finally consented. As an instance of her husband's want of tact, she said that after they were married and had got into a carriage to start on their wedding trip, the driver asked Mr. Chadwick where to go. Mr. Chadwick replied that he didn't know, and Mrs. Chadwick was obliged to give the necessary directions. At the hotel at which they stopped Mrs. Chadwick was also obliged to order rooms. She thought that such duties did not belong to a bride.

"The next morning," Mrs. Chadwick continued, "he did not order breakfast. A carriage was called, and we were driven to his house, where I found an old hag in charge of his four children. Our wedding breakfast consisted of bread, butter, stewed prunes, and something they called tea. The children used their fingers in eating the prunes, and cleaned the dishes with their tongues.

"About a week after we were married," she said, "he began to show signs of insanity. He frequently abused me and threatened me with violence. Frequently at night, while in a nightmare, he roamed about the rooms screaming so that I couldn't sleep. One day when I was ill he became very angry, and said, 'You are always sick, you damned dyspeptic crank.'

"For two weeks at a time he wouldn't speak to me except to say something mean. He has even neglected to pay the matrimonial agent his fee for getting me." Mrs. Chadwick admitted that she had corresponded with several patrons of the matrimonial agency before she landed Mr. Chadwick.

Mr. Chadwick, in his defence, said he was greatly disappointed in his wife. He found her so lazy that he was obliged to make the fire in the kitchen every morning himself, prepare breakfast, sweep the rooms, and wash and dress the children. His wife spent her mornings in bed, sleeping off the effects of wine, whisky, and cocaine, which she took for insomnia. When he gave her money to pay the rent and household expenses she spent it for other purposes. As he expressed it, she "jawed" him so much that he became a physical and mental wreck, and had to go to the Insane Asylum for a time.

## WAS KNOWN AS MISS MAUDIE.

Before Judge Lawrence and twelve jurymen in London, February 13, Miss Edith Maud Faulkner sought damages for breach of promise and assault from Mr. W. T. D. Turnpenny. It proved to be a rather sad and painful case. Miss Harris is a young lady, aged twenty-two, the daughter of a gentleman who at one time was in the War Office. Her mother kept a small school at Thornton Heath, and there she lived alone with her sisters, Kate and Jessie. The father made an allowance, but it was small, and so Maud assisted in teaching music. This, however, was not profitable, and being the eldest girl, she decided in the year 1888, when only eighteen years of age, to assist her poor and sick mother by obtaining a more lucrative post in the city. A letter of introduction to Messrs. Spiers and Pond was handed to her, and on the morning of March 31, 1888, she took train to the city to seek a situation, and in the railway carriage informed a man of about 45 and portly appearance of her intentions. He spoke to her in a fatherly way and gave his name as Westbrooke, that he was engaged with the firm of Turnpenny, lace merchants, of Lawrence Lane, and that if she was not successful with Spiers and Pond he would help her. She was not successful, and a day or two afterwards he wrote asking her to meet him in New Bridge Street. She did, and he obtained her the post of bookkeeper at the Anchor Restaurant in Cheapside. He had lunch there every day. He became Maud's admirer. He visited the mother at Thornton Heath. Mrs. Faulkner, a dying woman, was delighted that a man in so good a position as Mr. Westbrooke would look after her girl when she had gone. One evening he induced Maud to accompany him to his office in Lawrence Lane, and there with his arts and promises he ruined her, saying it did not matter much as he would marry her. Having got possession of the poor girl's body and soul, he gave her the situation as book-keeper at Turnpenny's at 15s. a week. Next he induced her to forsake mother and sisters and become his degraded mistress. Maud soon after learned that her lover's name was not Westbrooke but Walter Daniel Talbot Turnpenny, and had a wife and six children alive. This caused her to swoon away. Maud was likely to become a mother, so he gave her deleterious drugs, and abortion was procured. Mrs. Faulkner was informed the couple were married, and her dying words were an entreaty to the husband, as she thought, to look after her daughter. Well, she died. So did Mrs. Turnpenny. Maud now wanted to become Mrs. Turnpenny. He had given her valuable jewellery. But he would not marry her. When she asked him he knocked her down and blacked her eyes. The girl found she was suffering from a loathsome disease which made it impossible to be the wife of any man. He offered her £30 to trouble him no further; but she refused. He cast her off and married another girl who was seventeen years of age. Mr. Harris read a number of Turnpenny's letters. They were full of religious phrases and appeals to the Deity. He was a most accomplished villain, continued the counsel, as he closed his appeal to the jury to give the disgraced woman what reparation they could. Dr. A. Smith declined to give evidence unless paid his fees, but a subpœna was read and he entered the witness-box and told how he attended Miss Faulkner for a horrible malady. He had examined some medicine; it was used for abortion.

A similar difficulty arose as to Mr. S. G. Southcombe. He at first wanted more money for his evidence, and unless he got it would not give testimony. But when he was threatened with penalties he submitted, and was hailed with laughter, in which the judge joined. He knew Turnpenny well. His dealings with Hitchcock and Williams amounted to about £6,000 a year.

Under how many names have you known him?

Oh about twenty. I didn't attach much importance.

Under what names did he pass with women at Lawrence Lane?

Thank goodness I have not met them.

Were you introduced to the plaintiff as Mrs. Westbrooke?

Yes; but I knew otherwise. I knew her as Maudie.

No evidence was given for the defendant, but counsel addressed the jury on behalf of their respective clients.

The jury found for the defendant as to the breach of promise of marriage, they holding that there was no breach; but they gave a verdict for the plaintiff for £150, upon the ground of the assault and the administering of noxious drugs.

## DEATH OF ANARCHIST BOURDIN.

The death of Martial Bourdin, of Great Titchfield Street, W.C., the result of an explosion at Greenwich Park, Feb. 15, saves the authorities considerable trouble, and relieves the community of an Anarchist who would probably have caused much damage. The explosion took place on the hill close to the Royal Observatory, and a keeper who heard it hurried to the spot. There he found a respectably-dressed man, since identified as Martial Bourdin, in a kneeling posture.

As the keeper, whose name is Sullivan, came up to him, the man faintly besought help and then fell forward on his face, unconscious, in a great pool of his own gore. Bourdin's legs were shattered, one arm was blown away, and the stomach and abdomen were torn open. Assistance quickly arrived. The park-keepers had not gone off duty, and the Seamen's Hospital was not more than a quarter of a mile away on the main road and adjoining the Royal Naval College. Thither the man was conveyed, and described in the hospital book as "Martial Bourdin, of Great Titchfield Street, W.C." The surgeons instantly saw that he was beyond human help. So shocking were his injuries that the surgeons wondered that he had survived them one minute. He actually died within ten minutes of his admission to the hospital without having uttered one coherent word. Bourdin's pockets contained papers written in French and English, which showed conclusively that he was an Anarchist and a trusted man in the party. There were also several small packages containing a suspicious-looking powder. He reached Greenwich about half-an-hour before dusk, and, turning to the left on leaving the station, he walked to the park by way of London Street and Stockwell Street. Walking along the main avenue, lined with great trees on both sides, he reached the top of the hill near the Greenwich Observatory. A bottle in many pieces, which had apparently contained an explosive substance, was found at this spot after the explosion took place; and it is conjectured that Bourdin fell and caused its contents to explode. At the Autonomie Club, Windmill Street, a rendezvous for Anarchists, Bourdin was a regular attendant. He was twenty-seven years of age, and a tailor by trade. He has been in this country since he was a youth of eighteen, and was well known in the district which may be called the Quartier Français of London, and among the Anarchists and at the places which members of that body make their *rendezvous*. Those who had every opportunity of becoming closely acquainted with him describe him as having appeared to be a quiet, inoffensive person, of an equable temper and genial disposition, though at the same time he was excitable, and, if moved by insult or subject of any importance, he had been known to become almost unrestrainable. He was an Anarchist, but never spoke or took public part in the movements of any of the groups beyond attending the meetings. The Scotland Yard authorities are straining every effort to suppress anarchy, and on Feb. 16 raided the Autonomie Club, capturing some eighty of the fraternity. Each was closely questioned in turn, and though they were given their freedom, they will be subjected to strict police surveillance hereafter. Serious representations have been made by the German and French Governments to the Foreign Office in London with reference to the harbouring of foreign Anarchists in the metropolis.

## EDWARD FLYNN.

**A London Sporting Manager.**

(*With Portrait.*)

It is only of late years that Ned Flynn has taken to boxing sport as a manager and promoter. He was born in the parish of Marylebone in 1858, and when but seventeen years of age he devoted his energies to walking and skating as a professional, securing, during his career, 100 prizes, or more. He won the local walking championship, defeating J. Millbank for a silver trophy and £10. He vanquished a field of thirteen in a walk of sixteen hours over the turnpike, covering 68 miles. In skating contests he has scored many victories. Mr. Flynn is no novice at billiards, because he has contended in several matches in his district with success. He brought into prominence W. Franks and W. Griffin, the two walkers who, at short distances, were capable of equalling record time. As secretary and manager of the Kilburn Gymnasium and Athletic Institute, he has made boxing sport popular in the New West district of London. By being persevering and fair in his dealings, Ned has become quite a favourite with the fraternity, and the Kilburn meetings are therefore well patronised.

## HE SAW HIS EPITAPH.

**Johnson Returns Home to find he has been Mourned as Dead.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

A reunion occurred a short time since which brought together a husband mourned as dead many years, and a wife who has struggled faithfully to keep the wolf from the door.

A reported death frequently causes much sorrow, as Choppy Warburton has learned within the past four weeks.

It was fully fifteen years ago that Carl Johnson went to Buena Vista to seek his fortune, leaving behind him two children of tender years. A year after his departure his death was reported, and his widow had erected in the family plot close to London a headstone in honour of his memory. For many years fortune failed to smile on Carl, who finally got a start which made him a wealthy man. He returned home the other day, and, in going to the neighbourhood where he resided previous to going away, he was unable to find any trace of his family. He visited the graveyard and found his epitaph, and, satisfied his wife was still alive, he instituted a search, which resulted in a reunion of the family at a residence close to New Cross.

## LEADER OF PARIS DEMI-MONDE.

A Paris correspondent says:—"The late Mlle. Léonide Le Blanc has been notorious for a third of a century as a leader of the demi-monde, and also had a lesser reputation as an actress. She was born about 1840. Her birth was obscure, her rearing obscurer, but she rose with a sudden blaze in the effulgence of the Second Empire. She had pretended to be nothing more than what she was, but with the unfolding of her beauty she soon made conquests that gave her a prestige sufficient to make her a leader in her class. She established herself in a hôtel and became exclusive. At this time she formed a liaison with the Duc d'Aumale, uncle of the Comte de Paris, which lasted over twenty years.

"She had dramatic ambition. She went upon the stage, and almost at once achieved success. For many years she was the leading woman at the Théâtre de l'Odeon, which is subventioned by the State, and is second only to the Théâtre Français in standing. She remained at the Odeon until five or six years ago, in fact, and seemed to lose none of her attractiveness.

"In her youth Mlle. Le Blanc was known as one of the most extravagant women in the capital, but she afterward became thrifty, even parsimonious. Ten years ago she was known to have saved a great deal of the money that was squandered upon her, and it is said that profitable investments since made her a very rich woman.

"Although Mlle. Le Blanc never achieved the notoriety of Cora Pearl, she certainly was considered a rival for many years. There were others, too, but they have died off one by one, and with the death of Mlle. Le Blanc the last great light of the Second Empire's unequalled profligacy has been extinguished."

## SHE WISHED PAT WAS A LADY.

**An Old Irish Woman's Pride for her Son.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

It was in Cincinnati that Mrs. Murphy resided with her illustrious son Pat. Having arrived from Ireland but a short time previous she felt proud of her offspring, and didn't hesitate to display her feelings.

Mrs. Gilhooly called on Mrs. Murphy recently, and after the usual Celtic greetings, topics of the day were discussed. Mrs. Murphy insisted on a call on her son Pat, who was digging holes for telegraph poles a short distance off. On reaching the spot she says: "There he is, God bless his dear ould sowl. Pat, my darlint, I'm proud of ye, so I am. He gave me tin dollars Saturday, so he did. Ye knows me darter Bridget? Well, she's in Chicago, so she is, and lives in a grate big house with other ladies, so she does. She has changed her name to Maud, so she has, and says she leads a life of pleasure. She sint me twenty dollars last week, so she did. But she is not so dear to me as Pat. I only wish Pat was a lady, too.

## A SIREN OF THE OCEAN.

**Midwinter Sport in Florida.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

"Sea-bathing in mid-January! It is 11 o'clock in the morning," writes a correspondent from Armond, Florida, "and here are bathers just out of the surf. The temperature of the water was 70 deg.—just right for a salt water plunge, and much warmer than the ocean will average at the New England coast resorts in summer. The air was only slightly warmer than the sea—the mercury at noon registered 76 deg. There was a good sea running, and the surf combed over toward the sands most gracefully and invitingly. It would break over the head and shoulders of a grown person standing up to the waist in the water. The colour of the sea here appears to be paler than that of the ocean further north, and at high noon to-day, with a cloudless sky overhead, and the rays of the sun glinting on the crests of the waves, few have ever seen a more strikingly beautiful combination of sea, land, and sky. The bathers were not numerous to-day, but one young lady rather surprised the visitors and natives, too, by being towed along the surf by a large-sized member of the finny tribe."

## FAIR EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY.

**How a Vagabond Improved his Wearing Apparel.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

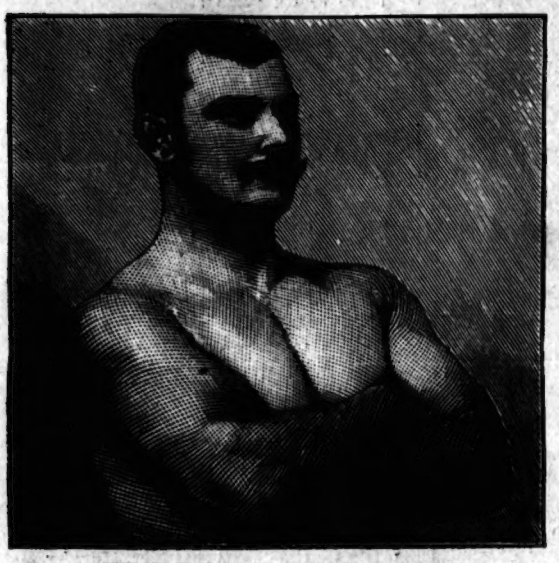
Rather a curious sight was witnessed the other day by two men who were driving out near Southampton. They saw a vagabond in a field changing clothing with a "scare crow." He got rather the best of the bargain, because the "scare crow" had on a fairly good coat and silk hat, whilst the vagabond's tile was in a dilapidated condition, and his coat completely thread-bare. The last seen of the vagabond he was plodding over the road towards London.

## BOXING AND SHAVING.

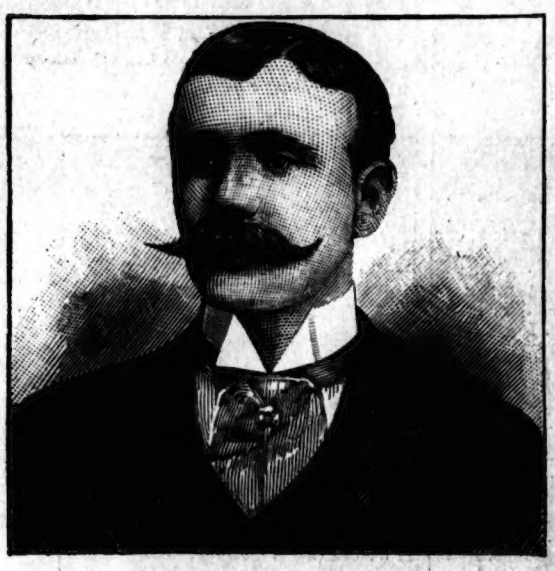
Corbett has sent Edward Theurner by the steamship Servia to London, for the purpose of interviewing the officials of the National Bolingbroke and Ormonde Clubs, concerning his proposed fight with Jackson. Theurner will also visit Scotland and Ireland to make arrangements for Corbett's tour in those countries. Corbett himself intends sailing for England on April 18.

* * *

Jack Dwyer, of Chelsea, has entered for the Shaving Competition for The Mirror of Life Championship trophy. It is possible Wick may enter soon as he returns from Liverpool. When four men have entered, arrangements will be made to have the contest decided.



WILLIAM MULDOON.
**Noted American Wrestler.**



EDWARD FLYNN.
**A London Sporting Manager.**

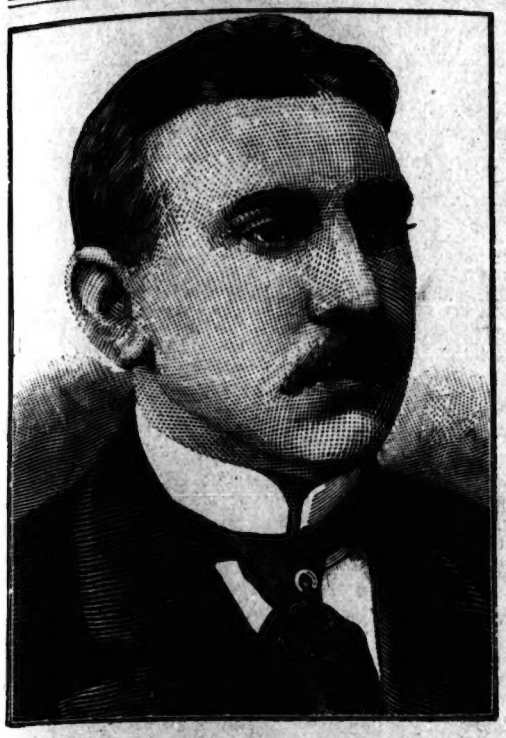
HARRY LAING.
**New Zealand Champion Pugilist.**

SHE SLEPT IN MUD.
**Strange Freak of Louisa Weston.**

OSTRICH RACING IN CALIFORNIA.
**Contests which Create Interest and Much Speculation.**

A SIREN OF THE OCEAN.
**Midwinter Sport in Florida.**

DIED WITH A GOOD RECORD.
**A Woman Plants Four Men and Raises Fourteen Children.**

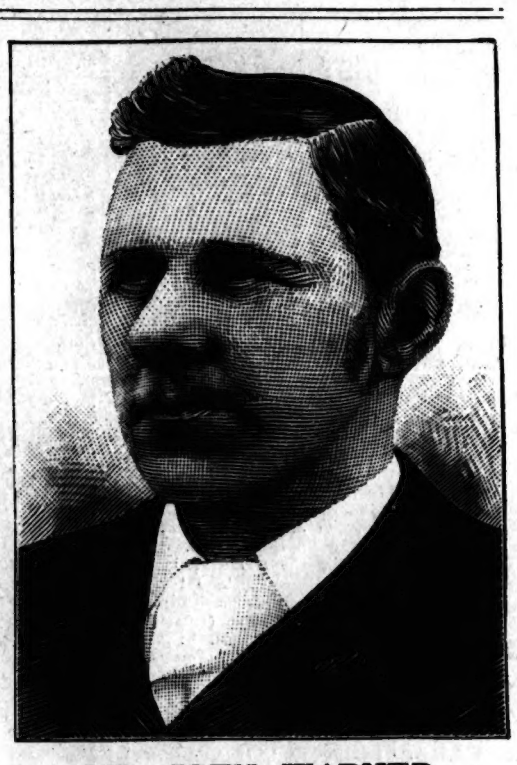


TOMMY ORANGE.

**Retired East London Pugilist.**

MR. JOE THOMPSON.

**A Noted Bookmaker and Sport.**



MR. JOHN WARNER.

**The Sportsman who owns the Welsh Harp, Hendon.**

THEY TOOK THE PRIZE.

**An Enterprising Furniture Dealer's Offer Brings about a Marriage.**

MISS LILLIAN SMITH.

**Expert Rifle Shot.**

# HONEST SPORTS.

## Skating Championships.

## Rymer Looking for Blood.

## Sprinting Dead in America.

### Cross Country Club Races.

THE International Amateur Skating Championship races were decided near Stockholm, February 10 and 12. The distances skated were 500, 1,500, 5,000, and 10,000 metres; the winner of at least three races to be awarded the champion gold medal and the title of Champion of the World for Distance Skating for 1894, and also receive the King's prize. If nobody should carry off the championship, the winner of the 1,500 metres race to be awarded the King's prize.

The Champion of the World for 1893 is the Dutch champion J. J. Eden, of Haarlem, and he was among the competitors.

On the first day the 500 and 10,000 metres races were decided. The former resulted as follows, there being a dead-heat for first place:—Fredriksen (Norway), 50 2-5sec, and Eden (Holland), 1: Naas (Norway), 51 2-5sec, 3; Oslund (Norway), 52 1-5sec, 4.

In the second race Eden was again successful, the result being—Eden, 19min 12 2-5sec, 1; Nielsen (Norway), 19min 43 4-5sec, 2; Ericsson (Sweden), 20min 8 4-5sec, 3; Puresseff (Russia), 20min 28 3-5sec, 4. The 1,500 and 5,000 metres races were decided the second day. In the former race Halvorsen (Norway) won in 2min 35 3-5sec; Eden (Holland), second, 2min 36 1-5sec. Halvorsen won the 5,000 metres contest in 9min 32sec. Neilson (Norway) was second. Nobody having won three out of the four races, the championship of the world was not decided, and Halvorsen, as winner of the 1,500 metres race, was awarded the king's prize, and also received a gold medal. The former was presented by the Crown Prince.

* * *

JAMES RYMER, the Champion Shaver of Mile End, called at the office of THE MIRROR OF LIFE, February 15, to signify his willingness to compete for the trophy offered by THE MIRROR OF LIFE for an open Shaving Competition for the Championship of the World. As soon as four men signify a desire to contend, the proposed competitors will be called together, when arrangements can be made mutually agreeable for a successful decision. William Lloyd, Champion Shaver, through a contemporary, states that he will only contend under certain rules. It might be said that no rules or conditions are imposed by the proprietors of THE MIRROR OF LIFE, that portion being left to the men who are to compete. Lloyd can hardly avoid entering providing he desires to maintain his reputation as a rapid shaver, because no restrictions are dictated by the donors, who merely wish to create interest in that branch of skill. It matters not to the THE MIRROR OF LIFE who is the best "face scraper," and it is hardly in keeping with any shaver who aspires for superiority in that line to advance vague notions as to what shall or shall not be done. Let Mr. Lloyd enter the contest, and his chance of success will be equal to that of any other contestant. He can suggest what he chooses, but as for dictating how the match shall be run, it is a question for the others to agree to.

No one is barred, and the contest is only proposed with a view to bringing together Lloyd, Rymer, Wick and King, who are conceded to be the best known men in the business.

* * *

AN effort will be made to revive sprinting in the States during the coming season, but before it will be successful some arrangement will have to be made to force some of the men to run honest. Ten years ago an even timer could make quite a snug sum of money in the States; but repeated "job" races soon killed off the support. One of the largest wholesale robberies in the sprint line took place in Canada about seven years ago. Harry Bethune, Jack Gibson, and M. K. Kittleman were all in one "stable," backed by W. R. Armstrong, of Romeo, Michigan. Bethune and Gibson were to run at Montreal, and as the former was heavily supported by Montrealers he was to lose. He neglected to live up to his arrangements, however, and won, causing the Armstrong party to lose fully £2,000. Of this Bethune received in the neighbourhood £800. About three months afterwards he gave the Montrealers a "sure thing" at Ottawa, and by accepting Bethune's word that an honest race would be run they lost £6,000 on him. Bethune's share of the spoils was not as great as he anticipated, so he quietly departed for the Pacific Coast, and has not done much good for himself since.

The Yankees are too shrewd to run up against a doubtful game more than once, and, as nearly all the towns in the States have had a taste of the Bethune methods of doing business, they are not likely to plunge heavily on sprinting. Farrell, who is now at Leicester, has got a pretty clean record for honest running, but is not very successful in arranging matches, because he finds it a difficult task to unearth a sprinter who is ready to risk cash on an up and up race.

* * *

THE North of the Thames inter-club Cross Country Annual, in which 241 runners, representing twenty-two clubs, took part, was decided over a six-mile course at Enfield, February 10. The start and finish were witnessed by fully 3,000 persons. Victory rested with the Cavendish Harriers, who won the Southern Counties Junior Championship some years ago. J. Gill, of the Hampton Harriers, was first man home after a grand race with C. Johnson, of the winning team, Gill's time being 37min 29 4-5sec, and Johnson's 37min 33 2-5sec; C. S. Silsby (Hampstead H.) was third, and H. White (St. Peter's Institute) fourth. Upwards of 200 runners finished within eight minutes of the winner. The club placings (the lowest aggregate scores winning) worked out as follows:—Cavendish Harriers, 67 points, 1; Tee-To-Tum A.C., 120, 2; St. Peter's Institute H., 146, 3; North London H., 211, 4; West Middlesex H. and Unity A.C. tied for fifth and sixth places, with 231 points; Queen's Park H., 237, 7; Hampstead H., 238, 8. Fourteen other clubs competed.

* * *

THE portrait of Mr. Nanson in our last issue of THE MIRROR OF LIFE was appreciated by the Turf patrons, and in the public-houses on Fleet Street many stories were told regarding the remarkable advance "Handsome Jack" has made in a few years' time. The fact of his having jumped from the half-crown ring to a member of the Victoria Club within eighteen months has, indeed, surpassed any record ever made by a bookmaker. We can remember when Jack was in the half-crown ring at Windsor and laid 33 to 1 about a horse, accepting three sovereigns. He was but a short time on the Turf then, and it surprised many to see him hand over 102 sovereigns to the lucky cove—and it was all in yellow pieces, too. From the day that he started to book to the present he has always acted honourable, and the free-and-easy way which he settles his losses has made for him many friends, and been productive of a lucrative business.

* * *

Two big handicaps will be run the last week in March—one at Failsworth and one at Sheffield—and it would not be surprising if an American captured one of the plums. Steve Farrell and Doyle are both running in very good form, and will no doubt make a try to secure first prize. Both are good men, and have plenty of friends to support them any time they feel that their favourites have half a chance.

* * *

THE billiard match between John Roberts and W. J. Peall was concluded on Feb. 10 at the Egyptian Hall, London. The conditions were that Roberts was to concede Peall 9,000 points in a game of 24,000 points up for £400. Roberts won. He scored 24,000, whilst Peall had placed but 23,701 points to his credit.

* * *

THE National Whippet Racing Club has been registered with a share capital of £10,000. Negotiations are pending for the acquisition of a club house and grounds close to London. The club house will be replete with every comfort, and open only to members of the club and their friends. In the grounds special racing and trial tracks will be laid down, and grand and other stands and shelters erected. Enclosures for members and associates of the club will be provided, and generally the arrangements will in all respects be similar to the fashionable horse race meetings. Sir John Astley, Bart., is president, and many gentlemen well known and honoured in sporting circles, are willing to become patrons, stewards, committee men, &c., of the club; but it is thought best not to fill up any of these appointments at present, as it will give more satisfaction to leave the members a voice in establishing the governing body.

* * *

JOHN S. JOHNSON, American bicyclist and skater, says: "I have seen it stated that I would race any bicyclist in the world for 100,000 dols. a-side. I do not wish to become a professional, and consequently do not care to ride for money, but I will agree to race any amateur in the world, anywhere, any distance up to five miles, the contests to take place next June. I will agree to let my opponents select their own track, but the races must be strictly amateur and for some suitable prize. I will meet Zimmerman on any track in New York or New Jersey, Sanger in Springfield, Dirnberger in Buffalo, or Bliss in Chicago. It makes no difference to me so long as I can show that I can beat them."

Johnson has skated nine races this winter and won them all. He says he established the following world's records on the ice: At Minneapolis, on a 4½ lap track, 2 miles in 6min 2-5sec; at Madison, Wis., one-quarter-mile straightaway, over a track partially covered with an inch of snow, 31½sec; at Cleveland, O., one-half mile, halfway against the wind, 1min 16 4-5 sec.

AT the Boston Athletic Club's winter in-door meeting, held at Boston, U.S.A., February 10, Sweeney is credited with having cleared 6ft 3⅜in in a running high jump, excelling the best American record.

* * *

THE Portsmouth Harriers held a ten miles cross-country run, February 10, as a test for the encounter in the coming Junior Championship. Three prizes were offered, and the result of the sealed handicap was as follows:—G. Moss, 1min 30sec start, (handicap time, 63min 48sec; net time, 65min 18sec), first; Babey 1.30 (64.35—66.5), second; Hatter, 3.30 (68.12—71.42), third.

* * *

AT Moseley, February 10, the Birchfield Harriers decided a cross-country run, H. Bamford, 2min start, crossing the winning post first, with 1 hour 12min; M. M. Eaton was second, 20secs behind.

* * *

MR. CHARLES KERR, an all-round sportsman, has just passed away after a long and painful illness. At one time he was perhaps the best pigeon shot in England. Of late years he devoted himself to yachting, and was a well-known figure at Cowes. During the recent races for the America Cup he represented his brother-in-law, the Earl of Dunraven, owner of Valkyrie, on board Vigilant.

* * *

AT a meeting of the Toronto Rowing Club held at Toronto, Canada, recently, the subject of sending John J. Ryan, Champion of Canada, here to compete for the Diamond Sculls at Henley in June, was discussed. The committee unanimously expressed themselves in favour of the proposition, and have called a special meeting to arrive at a definite decision. Those who have witnessed Mr. Ryan's trial spins and public performances and are in a position to make comparisons aver that he would have a walk-over in competition with the best English amateurs.

* * *

JAKE GAUDAUR and Ed. Hanlan are prepared to meet Tom Sullivan and C. R. Harding in a double scull race over the Thames Championship Course for £500 a-side, and want a reasonable amount of expense money allowed.

* * *

A RAPID-FIRING revolver competition took place simultaneously at Brighton and Paris, on February 10, between Mr. Winans, the English champion, and M. Voulquin, the French champion. Mr. Winans shot at the headquarters of the 1st Sussex Artillery, and the distance in each case was 28 metres, a little over 30 English yards. Sixty shots were allowed, each set of six to be within 20sec. The Englishman fired 59 shots only, and scored 57 points, while the Frenchman, according to a telegram from Paris, scored 41 points in 60 shots.

* * *

MOSES GIBSON, of Putney, and Jacob Tyrrell, of Clapton, are to row a sculling match on the Thames from Putney Bridge to The Ship at Mortlake on Monday, March 12, for £25 a-side.

* * *

MR. A. W. H. SMETHURST, a very popular and useful playing member of the Chelmsford Cricket Club, has been presented by a number of friends with a massive silver drinking flask upon leaving for Fort Salisbury in Matabeleland. Mr. Smethurst expects to return to England in about twelve months.

* * *

WILLIAM HARRIS, the Norwich Spider, essayed to run 11 miles on the road within an hour at Blackburn on February 13. Starting from the Lord Nelson Hotel at half-past four, he ran to Langho, on the Whalley Road, to a point five and a-half miles distant, where he turned, and finished at the starting place. The road is rather hilly, and took a lot out of the runner; but he made good time on the return, and finished four minutes under the hour.

* * *

THE Manchester Pedestrian Company will give £100 in prizes for a 130 yards handicap to be decided at Moorfield Grounds, Failsworth, on March 23 and 24.

* * *

J. T. HEYES, 44½yds start, finished first in the final heat of 145yds handicap at Blackburn, February 10. T. Newman, 30½yds, was second, and A. Baron, 36½yds, third. The latter was looked upon as a sure winner, but run in poor form in the final, and only landed home in third place.

* * *

"BRUSH" MCGREGOR and George Sutton, two old 'uns, ran 624yds for £20 at Victoria Grounds, Newcastle, February 10. Sutton stumbled at the start, and lost fully 20 yards. He finally got on level terms with McGregor, but was unequal to a strong finish, and McGregor beat him at the post. In the final heat of 120yds handicap, for £12 10s. in prizes, E. Pooley, of Newcastle, 22yds, finished first; J. G. Hutchinson, 20yds, second; and E. McLoughlin, 20½yds, third.

* * *

AT the Manchester Trotting Club Meeting, held on the Manchester Racecourse on Monday afternoon, February 12, Mr. W. Cruit's Savoyard (of Anfield, Liverpool) won the £120 champion stallion race, open to all, and as this is the second time in succession that Savoyard has won this race, Mr. Cruit becomes the possessor of the Silver Cup, valued at £60 and £40 in money. Mr. Woolley's Fred Wilks (of Derby) secured the second prize of £15. The Salford Stakes of £50 was won by Mr. Hall's Nelly Neebs (London).

* * *

IT is now practically decided that the race for the National Cross-country Championship will this year take place at Blackpool. The sub-committee appointed by the Northern Association have visited the venue, and reported so satisfactorily on the arrangements that it now only requires the National Cross-country Union to confirm the details. The start will be made from the Blackpool Athletic Grounds, and a capital cross-country course of about 3½ miles will be traversed three times. The date of the race is Saturday, March 3, and the chief clubs in the North, Midlands, and South will compete.

* * *

THERE is a "record" for almost everything a human being can do, but one would hardly suppose that there was one for a walking tour across the continent of America. However, it seems there is, and that, till just recently, the shortest time a walk between New York and San Francisco had taken was 192 days, but now a German, named Gustave Kœgel, has beaten this handsomely. He started from New York on July 18 with three other pedestrian enthusiasts, and arrived at the San Francisco Post Office in 169 days 18 hours.

# MR. JOHN WARNER.

### The Sportsman who owns the Welsh Harp, Hendon.

*(With Portrait.)*

For those who wish to enjoy a day's recreation at rowing, yachting, fishing, or pigeon shooting, there is no place in the United Kingdom more preferable than the Welsh Harp, Hendon. It is known all over the world as a first-class resort for sportsmen, and is popular with every Englishman. The proprietor, Mr. John Warner, is a thorough-going sportsman and is probably more familiar with all branches than the proprietor of any sporting resort in the world. For the past thirty years he has been at the head of the Welsh Harp Hotel, Hendon, and by undue liberality in promoting events has made himself not only popular, but famous too. Some of the greatest pigeon matches ever contested have taken place at his resort, and Mr. Warner himself possesses considerable ability in that line, having won several challenge cups and numerous open sweepstakes. He takes a great deal of interest in local matters, and is conceded to be an authority on sporting in general. He is chairman of the Licensed Victuallers' Protection Society; besides, he has an aptitude for agriculture, holding land under the Earl of Temple, Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and all Souls' College.

# CHASED OUT OF HER ROOM

### Kate Cole's Experience of Married Life.

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

MRS. KATE ASPINALL, an actress known as Kate Cole, asked for a decree of judicial separation February 12 from her husband, Hugh Richard Cole Aspinall, an actor known as Cole Aspinal. The ground upon which the separation was sought was the prolonged and systematic course of ill-treatment. The parties were married in 1890, at the registrar's office in the Harrow Road, London.

Mrs. Aspinall stated that when they were on tour at Southport in July, 1890, the respondent used to kick her about the body, inflicting severe bruises, and on one occasion blacked both her eyes. She occasionally had to escape from his violence by going into the landlady's bedroom, but she was afraid to shelter her for long, as she feared personal violence herself from the respondent. In Liverpool, he gave her a black eye. At Weymouth he knocked her down and threatened her with a razor, running round the room after her. On another occasion he used most filthy language to her and threatened to make her so that she could not go on the stage again. His Lordship pronounced a decree of judicial separation.

# OSTRICH RACING IN CALIFORNIA.

### Contests which Create Interest and Much Speculation.

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

"IN California," writes a correspondent, "they are having quite a few ostrich races. The birds are quite speedy, and in many dashes a great deal of money is wagered on the result. On one farm they are training a number of the birds to race, and during the coming season an effort will be made to inaugurate a series of contests.

"HELLO, Junkins! Where have you been for the last month?"

"Been at a big institute, g-g-g-getting cured of st-st-st-stuttering."

## SEEN AND HEARD.

Sir Charles Dilke is a capital fencer, and a hard hitter with the gloves.

* * *

Frank Byrne, one of the "Invincibles" connected with the Phœnix Park murders, died at Providence, Rhode Island, U.S.A., February 16, in the local hospital of heart disease. He leaves a widow and two children.

* * *

George Wheatland dived off the parapet of London Bridge the other day with all his clothes on, including his boots. It was blowing very hard at the time, but the feat was successfully accomplished. He was arrested by the Thames Police, but was released after his name and address had been taken.

* * *

"Paris by Night" is a very interesting book we saw the other day in a shop on Villiers Street, Charing Cross, and reveals as much as would a visit to the gay city itself; the illustrations giving a good idea of the places Englishmen visit when the family is left at home.

* * *

The Treasury Department at Washington has authorised the free entry to the States of a certain lot of copper sheathing, wire rigging, hemp rope, and three sails, which formed part of the equipment of the British yacht *Valkyrie*, and were returned to Cowes, England, for repairs after the international races last September.

* * *

The action for divorce instituted by the Princess Colonna, the stepdaughter of Mr. John W. Mackay, the American millionaire, came before one of the Paris courts on February 15. The court decided that as the prince was an Italian subject, and had a residence at Naples, the action ought to have been brought in that city.

* * *

A Brighton dyer named Doran, who was a widower with five children when he last married, was granted a decree nisi with costs. The wife on her own admission had, prior to the marriage, led a fast life at Brighton. The jury found the respondent guilty of misconduct with Molteni, but not with Wallis, and acquitted the husband of the counter charge of adultery.

* * *

To the selling of beef and mutton, a butcher on Stanley Road, Liverpool, conjoined the business of betting, and having been found out, has been fined by the police magistrate, Mr. Stewart, £25 for keeping a gaming house. A striking fact in the statement of the case against him was that his betting clients were poor people.

* * *

It was in a large department store that a gilded youth drifted up to the sweet counter.

"Do you know," he said, to the pretty young woman in charge, "if I were the proprietor of this establishment I should dismiss you?"

"Why?" she asked indignantly.

"In order to give the sweets a chance," he answered.

* * *

Chief Inspector W. Beavis, of Scotland Yard, has been promoted to be superintendent. He first joined the Metropolitan Police in 1861, was promoted to sergeant and appointed divisional clerk in the M division in 1864, and to be inspector in 1868. In 1870 he was transferred to the public carriage branch at Scotland Yard, where he remained till his promotion to be chief inspector in charge of the Lost Property Office in 1882, and has now the charge of both branches.

* * *

The *Liverpool Mercury* of last Thursday has the following: Mr. Stewart, the learned police magistrate, is, we are told, a diligent collector of photographs of delinquents, and of burglars' implements and other appurtenances of criminal pursuits. His worship's accumulation of such curious treasures may, in its time and in its way, rival the armour collection of Lord Hothfield and the torture collection of Lord Dudley.

* * *

Sub-Lieut. A. W. Richmond, R.N.A., a student at Portsmouth Naval College, died at Haslar Hospital, February 11, from injuries sustained in the football field the previous Friday. He was at goal when a charge was made by the opposing team, and was struck violently in the pit of the stomach by another player's knee. He was removed to the college in an unconscious condition, and afterwards conveyed to the hospital, where he declared that the infliction of his injuries was purely accidental.

* * *

On Wednesday last, at Liverpool, Mrs. Hannah Holder, a widow lady, residing at Walton, was fined £1 and costs for not having notified the police that her dog was suffering from rabies. The animal had bitten a boy named Bremner, who had been sent to the Pasteur Institute at Paris. After the dog had been killed, Mr. Welsby, veterinary surgeon, examined the carcass and found evidence of rabies. The defendant said she did not know the law, otherwise she would readily have told the police.

* * *

Paris has another dynamite sensation! Between nine and ten o'clock on the night of Feb. 12, a man threw a bomb charged with nails, bullets, and other missiles into the café of the Hotel Terminus at the Gare St. Lazare. A terrible explosion followed. After the first moment of consternation a man was seen running away. A large crowd pursued him, and when he found he was likely to be captured he turned round and drew a revolver and fired on the crowd, seriously wounding several people, including one woman.

The café was wrecked, and thirteen persons were injured, three of whom are ladies.

* * *

For a few years Mr. W. H. Gordon, a Liverpool jeweller, lived happily with his wife. In 1891, however, the wife admitted misconduct with one Harrison, who had been a frequent visitor at the Gordons. As she promised not to see Harrison again the husband said he would look over the matter if Harrison would leave the country. Harrison left the country, but hand in hand with Mrs. Gordon, who, when she returned not long after, called on Mr. Gordon to beg his forgiveness. She was afterwards found to be living again with Harrison at Kingston-on-Thames. The damages paid into the Divorce Court, £500, were, February 14, awarded to the husband, who was also, along with the decree nisi, granted the custody of the children.

* * *

The somewhat remarkable case of Miss Bouret against a masseur named Cole was heard (February 14) in the Queen's Bench Division before Mr. Justice Lawrance and a common jury. It was an action for damages for alleged breach of promise of marriage and seduction. Miss Emily Bouret assisted her mother, who carried on a laundry business at Marylebone. Defendant was a customer at the laundry, where the parties to the suit met and became intimate. The defendant denied that there was any promise of marriage, and made allegations affecting the chastity of the plaintiff. The jury awarded the plaintiff £10 damages.

* * *

A Baptist minister has been ordered by a Gloucester Assize jury to pay £50 for slander. This gentleman, the Rev. W. E. Lynd, of Gunnersbnry, was sued by Elizabeth Edmonds. The plaintiff, a girl aged nineteen years, was servant to Mr. Gideon Teakle, a deacon of the Nailsworth Baptist Tabernacle, where the defendant was pastor last year, and with whom he lodged. The plaintiff's case was that the defendant alleged improper relations between her and Teakle. The defendant pleaded that the statements he had made were privileged, and did not bear the construction put upon them. The jury, however, as we say, awarded the plaintiff £50 damages.

* * *

Mr. T. E. Sampson, the coroner of the city of Liverpool, held an inquest on Tuesday, February 13, at Liverpool, on the body of Thomas Henry, 69 years of age, a knife grinder. Deceased was a steady man, and had good health; but on Thursday, February 8, while wheeling his machine the wind caught the headboard and the handle was twisted round violently and was drove into his left side. It knocked against a small oil bottle and pushed that into his ribs. He died on Monday, February 12, death being attributed to pleurisy and pneumonia set up by the injury to the side. A verdict of "Accidental death" was returned.

* * *

A terrible affair occurred on February 13 at the wild animal show at the Midwinter Exhibition in San Francisco, U.S.A. A lion-tamer, named Carl Thieman, was going through his performance in the lions' cage, when the electric lights suddenly went out. Three of the lions immediately sprang upon Thieman, who was fearfully mangled. He was rescued alive by the proprietor of the show, a man named Boone, who as soon as the lights were restored entered the cage with an iron bar, and drove the animals off from their prey. But meanwhile Thieman had received no less than forty-three wounds. The audience were terror-stricken by the occurrence. Thieman recovered consciousness through the night but died the following morning.

* * *

A telegram from Los Angeles, California, reports that a train on the Southern Pacific line, which was conveying a large number of passengers and carried a heavy shipment of valuables despatched by Messrs. Wells, Fargo, and Co., was wrecked by railway robbers, February 15, at Roscoe, ten miles north of Los Angeles. After the train had been brought to a standstill, three masked men sprang from the bushes, and fired off their revolvers to intimidate the officials in charge. They then placed a charge of dynamite under the express car, the whole side of which was blown off by the subsequent explosion. The wreckers then plundered the car and made off with almost all its contents.

* * *

The police authorities in Paris are maintaining an active campaign against the gambling rooms. Recently an inspector, acting on information received, paid a visit to a flat in the Rue de Miromesnil, occupied by a retired officer and his mistress, and found a roulette table in full swing. The inspector at once seized the table, and called on the players to desist. This was the signal for a general rush to the door by the persons in the room, but they found the exit strongly guarded by police. The gamblers who were captured had to undergo a careful search, which resulted in the seizure of 15,000 francs. The luxurious furniture was also confiscated and removed from the house. The ex-officer and the lady are in custody, and further arrests are expected.

* * *

Miss Louisa Cheeseman, a young Bayswater dressmaker, asked at the London Sheriff's Court, February 16, for damages for breach of promise against Mr. Charles Ball, a Board schoolmaster of Southsea. The parties met at Melksham, Wilts, where formerly they both held situations. A number of affectionate letters had passed between them, in one of which defendant, referring to the proposed wedding-day, said, "Oh, what joy! I shall be glad for ever." Under promise of marriage seduction, it was said, took place. In cross-examination plaintiff admitted that prior to the engagement she had been intimate with a man named Martin; but she told defendant all about that, and he replied "I like you all the better for telling the truth." Damages were assessed at £35 in favour of Miss Cheeseman.

* * *

About Christmas of 1886, Mr. Townsend, a young farmer living at Tintern, Monmouthshire, fell in love with Miss Griffin, residing at Cannonbury Square, and proposed marriage. In one of his effusions he becomes poetical, and gives vent to his feelings as follows:—

"His arm crept timidly round her waist
Till a pin destroyed his glee
But the maiden said with never a blush
I pinned my affection on thee."

In 1888 he took a trip to New Zealand, and it was the means of cooling off his affections. The engagement was broken, and in a suit brought by Miss Griffin in the City of London Court, on February 16, she was awarded £300 damages.

* * *

The Rev. Mr. Taliaferro, of Carlisle, Kentucky, U.S.A., in a sermon denouncing dancing and similar evils at Millersburg, an adjoining town, declared that neither of his daughters had ever danced, and he thanked God for it. Arthur Thomason the next day said he had seen one of the young women dance. Mr. Taliaferro heard of the remark, and offered Thomason 10 dols. to prove it.

Thomason took Jesse Letton before a magistrate, and he made oath that he had danced with her. Miss Taliaferro was summoned by her father, January 27, and, in the presence of the two young men and the Rev. Mr. Robinson, admitted that she had danced across the parlour once and back with Mr. Letton. She didn't consider that dancing, but her father paid over the money.

* * *

On February 10, the Metropolitan Police circulated the following description of the body of a woman found in the Thames off Garden Wharf, Battersea:—Age, apparently 45 years,; length, 5ft 5in; complexion, hair and eyes, dark; bald on top of head; cancer in right breast; false teeth; dress: blue jacket trimmed with fur and black braid; three petticoats (two red woollen and one knitted wool with white spots), red under-bodice, woollen waistband, brown corsets, white linen chemise, singlets and drawers, two pairs of silk stockings (one red and one black), gold-striped elastic garters, button boots (nearly new), bonnet trimmed with black velvet. On person, three white silk handkerchiefs, two with black borders, marked "M. H.," two pairs of gloves, white linen cuffs, marked "Duchess of Fife," pair of folding eye-glasses, gold mourning ring, "Betsy," silver brooch with Masonic inscription, and a silver scent-case. The body seemed to have been in the water only a few hours.

* * *

Mr. Arnold Graves, a well-known member of the Irish Bar, petitioned in the Dublin Court, February 13, for a divorce from his wife Constance, for adultery. The respondent did not appear. The facts of the case as stated showed that the petitioner married the respondent when she occupied a minor position on the stage in London; four children of the marriage are living. Last year the respondent eloped from Dublin to England with Mr. Richard Farrell, a gentleman with about £2,000 a year, and they resided at various places. Mr. Farrell left the respondent at a place near Harwich, and proceeded to London, where he committed suicide by shooting himself. Mrs. Graves, the respondent, had represented to her landlady that he was her brother, but his identity was disclosed by the respondent reading the first news of his death in an evening paper. She then tried to commit suicide herself by jumping out of the window, and afterwards telegraphed to her husband declaring solemnly that she had not been untrue to him. The Court granted a divorce.

* * *

At the North London Court, February 13, James Smith, aged 42, a rough-looking man, was charged with unlawfully wounding Emily Stratford. The prosecutrix stated that she had lived with the man for thirteen years, and he had forced her to walk the streets to keep him. Of late she had endeavoured to keep out of his way. Between three and four on the previous afternoon she was standing on Haggerston Bridge, talking to a friend, when the prisoner came up and knocked her friend down. Something then flashed across her face, and she fell down insensible. Dr. Howard Jackman, the divisional surgeon, said that the woman's right eye was cut both on the upper and lower lids, in each case the cut being ½in long. It was necessary to stitch one of the wounds up. They must have been caused by some sharp instrument. They were dangerous, as it was impossible to say yet what damage had been done to the eye itself. The prisoner alleged that the woman was constantly annoying him, but this was denied. She was, she said, only too thankful to think she had not got him to keep. Smith was committed for trial.

* * *

At the Richmond Borough Bench Feb. 15, Ernest Metcalfe, a gentlemanly-looking young man, of 27, Heathfield Gardens, Chiswick, was summoned for being disorderly at the Castle Hotel buffet, Whittaker Avenue, Richmond, and refusing to quit when asked to do so by a police-constable, on February 6th. He was further summoned for using abusive and insulting language to Miss Mary Bullock, barmaid, and Mr. John Mouflet, son of the proprietor. —Mr. G. W. Lay, instructed by Mr. Woodward, secretary of the local branch of the Licensed Victuallers' Protection Association, appeared in support of the summonses. —It appeared that on the evening of the day named the defendant entered the bar with a friend and a cabman, and used indecent and improper language towards Miss Bullock, the barmaid in charge. This was continued so long that Miss Bullock deemed it advisable to call for Mr. John Mouflet, who tried to prevail upon the defendant to leave. It was only with the aid of a constable, however, that he succeeded in getting rid of the defendant.—Defendant pleaded Guilty, but alleged that he had no recollection of the language he was said to have used.—The Bench inflicted the maximum penalty in the case of the indecent language, £5 and costs, and in the other case £1 and costs.

## DIED WITH A GOOD RECORD.

**A Woman Plants Four Men and Raises Fourteen Children.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

In a cemetery not many miles from Glasgow there is a tombstone upon which is inscribed, "Jane McCorkindale, a plain woman, buried four men and brought up fourteen children."

Visitors to the graveyard are invariably amused when they read the inscription which is proof positive that women possess better staying qualities than men. Jane's record has never been equalled, we believe, and we know of no man who has lived to bury four wives.

## GET YOUR MONEY'S WORTH.

In purchasing The Mirror of Life you are given a Weekly Journal of which eight pages are made up solely of expensive woodcuts, the illustrations being drawn by the very best artists obtainable. It gives you incidents in an accurate and striking manner.

Our reading columns comprise spicy news such as is interesting to all classes. The Mirror of Life will not at any time touch on the borders of immorality, because sensational news can be written in a bright way without a tendency to corrupt humankind.

We claim in pugilism to be ahead of any weekly published in any part of the world.

Our motto is at all times to be just and fearless.

A WIFE FROM AN AGENCY.

**A Union brought about by a Matrimonial Agent produces a Law Suit.**

COINING MONEY.

**Raid on a Private Mint results in a Rich Capture.**

SHE IS A WONDER.

**A Society Belle who could Kick or Turn Handsprings.**

BILLY THE KID'S TROPHIES.

**Was the Desperado Slain, or is He Still Alive.**

# AROUND THE RING.

## What Sports Demand.

## Quality Not Quantity.

## Fitzsimmons "Dead Broke."

## Greenfield Defeats Sorrell.

### Birmingham Again Gives Way to London.

### Mitchell Acknowledges the "Corn."

MANY of the pugilists and boxing-club managers wonder why patronage to glove contests is not so large as it has been in years gone by. It is a question very easily answered. The lovers of pugilism want quality not quantity. Most any Monday night there are at least half a dozen places where glove contests are decided for small purses, and at some of these resorts two or more matches will occur in one evening. We are always in favour of encouraging fresh blood into the field, but believe that fewer meetings and more satisfactory matches would do more to keep interest alive than any move which could be inaugurated. Greater care should be taken in matching up men, and those who possess little or no ability should only be utilised in preliminary bouts. Bring together good men, and give a liberal purse for each match, and people will be only too willing to flock around and pay a decent price to witness the sport. Many convey the idea that once they possess a thick ear or a broken nose, they are full-fledged professionals, and have the presumption to seek a liberal purse for a battle. Such talent is expensive at any cost, and will do more to disgust those who wish to see a real fight than any move made. We can name many good men who are looking for a job to fight, but object to accepting a paltry sum which would hardly pay for the expense of training.

Now that most of the largest cities in the United States decline to countenance glove fights, it would be an easy matter to induce some of the Yankees to come to this country to meet our best men for reasonable purses. Those in the States are satisfied that fair play is the rule at boxing clubs, and would therefore be only too glad to get on a job for this side of the water. The National Sporting Club has done more toward creating that feeling than any other organisation in the kingdom, and any offer which Manager Fleming would make would certainly be considered. Jack E. Dempsey, one of the greatest fighters ever produced in the States, will soon visit our shores, and his visit could be hastened if any offer was made for him to meet either Dick Burge or Harry Nickless at 10st. John T. Griffin, Ike Weir, or Australian Billy Murphy would not object to coming here to meet any of our men at 8st 10lb, and Jimmy Dime could be brought here for a reasonable purse to meet Harry Spurden, the 9st champion, at even weight. All of the foreigners we have named are tried men, and any or all of them would put up a satisfactory battle.

**George Dixon has Fought here,**

and would no doubt be prepared to come to this country again. His ideas are rather elevated, but a reasonable argument on the part of Billy Plimmer would bring them together in London in the early part of the summer season.

Let any international match be arranged to take place in London, and the

**"Mirror of Life" will Offer**

a suitable trophy to be presented to the winner. We would like to see a few good matches decided before the boxing season closes, and the proprietors would gladly do anything within reason to bring them about.

Manager Fleming will do his utmost on behalf of the National Sporting Club to induce

**Corbett and Jackson to Fight**

here, and will consent to a liberal purse being given by the club for the match. As high as £9,000 has been offered the men to fight in the States, but such purses hardly have a genuine appearance. It is barely possible the managers of the pugilists are having such extravagant offers published as coming from different sources in order to increase the legitimate proposals, but we should say that they are made by people who are seeking a little notoriety amongst fellow townsmen for business purposes, realising that the men would not entertain their proposition unless backed up by a heavy deposit as a guarantee that the match would be brought off.

We are in a position to state that should Corbett and Jackson decide to come here they would not request the National Sporting Club to deposit any guarantee money or even the purse beforehand, because both know the class of men who are connected with the organisation.

* * *

KNOCKING down a pair of drunken loafers and fighting in a 24ft ring are two distinct trades. No one realises this more than the doorman at the "Slave Market." We were advised to take a snap-shot of him for publication as the hero of the hour and a coming champion in the Prize Ring, but felt convinced that pugilists are not produced at short notice, and particularly coloured ones. We can remember seven years ago, George Dixon accepted a £3 purse for a finish fight in Boston, and it was fully a year before he was given £20 for a similar match. At that time he could comfortably wear a No. 6 hat; but to-day it would require a shoehorn to force a No. 10 hat on his skull, so great has his cranium enlarged. The "Slave Market" wonder will likely always remain in the dark. Had he declined to box in a club room he would have been regarded as a terror, but two blows on the "potato trap" convinced him his name was "Dennis" so far as fighting for money goes.

* * *

BOB FITZSIMMONS, middle-weight champion of the world, has not been in the States quite four years, during which time he acknowledges to have received over £16,000 in purse money, and to-day is "stone broke." Spending £4,000 or more in a year, and not squandering any money on racehorses, gives Bob a record as a champion as an extravagant man. He may rest easy on the score that he will not make as much in the next four years to come. He declines to fight for less than a £3,000 purse. Great Scot! and the man is broke, too! What is this world coming to? How much would Bob want for a purse if he had money? If the "brick-topped" wonder is sensible he will fight for reasonable purse money, and begin to lay aside some for a rainy day. Let him suffer defeat and we should be surprised if a year afterward he could raise enough to buy two pennorth of gin from any of the "jokers" who are lauding him up to-day.

* * *

HARRY SPURDEN, 9st champion, is complaining because no one will take him on. He is sincere in his talk, and, what is more, his friends will back him up, too, for any match he may choose to make. Can it be possible there is no man in the whole of England who dare take him on at even weight? His friends realise the predicament he is in, and are bound that he shall get a "nest egg" ere the season closes, and to that end they are inaugurating a benefit for him to take place at the Washington Music Hall, Battersea, March 22.

* * *

MATT CUNNINGHAM, a heavy-weight pugilist, is held for trial at Lowell, Massachusetts, U. S. A., charged with manslaughter. It appears he tried to borrow a citizen's watch and spare money, and because the citizen objected, Matt. used force which resulted fatally. He will probably spend the remainder of his days in a large stone building, and receive free board and lodging. We can remember a few years ago, Matt had just met with a series of defeats, and was down on his luck. Chances for exhibition sparring were few and far between, therefore Matt. found himself without the price of a night's lodging. A sporting manager dropped on him to appear in a preliminary bout at a club-room in Boston, and he would be remunerated to the extent of a five-dollar bill. Matt, however, pleaded illness, and allowed that the previous night he had contracted a cold, because he retired with his shoes off in a lumber yard.

* * *

W. READER, ex-champion 9st pugilist, is developing a Hercules at his gymnasium at Fulham, and expects to give the citizens a surprise in the near future. Bill has a large class of pupils and is well liked by the people in his district. He will likely train Harry Nickless when the 10st champion makes another match with Dick Burge.

* * *

IT is safe to say that when James J. Corbett exhibits in England he will have for a sparring partner John Donaldson, an old time heavy-weight. It is probable, however, that in a Nottingham exhibition he will induce George Fryer to box him three rounds. Such an arrangement would delight the Nottingham sports, because George is a decided favourite with all his fellow townsmen. We might suggest that he is one of the cleverest men we have had, and had he devoted his attention solely to pugilism, he would have made his mark. When George kept a little beershop, he used to have many callers from aspirants to ring honours, and none ever called on him but that they were accommodated to a bout which invariably wound up in favour of George. A story is told of one would-be pug who was persistent in having a hard set-to. He was given much more than he bargained for, because a punch in the stomach elicited a request not to hit below the head. The next blow George dropped in landed on the jaw and brought the visitor to the floor senseless. It took quite a time to bring him to, and he departed a sadder but wiser man. Fryer has exemplified pretty effectually that he possessed the makings of a champion, but was always too bashful to push himself forward. He now keeps one of the best public-houses in Nottingham, and devotes his entire attention to his family and business.

Donaldson, who is sparring partner to Corbett, was the first man to fight John L. Sullivan to a finish, and it was a fight too! Donaldson had his number taken down and has since done but little fighting. His ambition was to be a champion, and when he was convinced he did not belong to the champion class he sensibly turned his attention to handling champions.

* * *

OLD Bill Hulse, of Nottingham, is a great admirer of Peter Jackson, and will venture his spare coin on his favourite in the coming fight. He delights in sitting in his smoke room evenings, and eulogising the cleverness of the ebony heavy-weight, and freely acknowledges him to be the most active big man he has ever seen don the mits.

Bill has seen them all, and his judgment is surely worthy of some consideration. He was a friend to the late Harry Paulson, who never had to go hungry whilst Hulse was about. Fryer, too, appreciated the old veteran, and did what he could to make the last days of Harry contented ones.

* * *

BOB FITZSIMMONS, middle-weight champion of the world, and Dan Creedon's representative, Colonel Hopkins, met in New York City, U.S.A., February 2, for the purpose of arranging a match to a finish between Fitzsimmons and Creedon. Nothing definite was done. Fitz said he was prepared to go ahead with the match providing a responsible club would donate a 15,000dols. purse. Hopkins declared that he had received word from B. F. Blake, of Jacksonville, that the new athletic club soon to organise in that city would offer 10,000 dols. and undertake to pull off the mill on March 8.

To this Fitz refused to agree, because he declared that he didn't know anything about the club, that they had not made such an offer personally to him, and that if they wanted him to fight they must commission Blake to come to New York and deposit a certain sum as an assurance of their good faith. If they do this, he said, he would immediately sign articles.

Hopkins assured Fitz that the offer was perfectly legitimate, but the latter remarked that he would not be convinced until he saw the colour of the club's money.

"I have been fighting in America for the past four years," continued the middle-weight champion sharply, "and have won over 80,000dols. in purses. To-day I am just as poor as when I landed in San Francisco from Australia. I have been robbed right along by unscrupulous managers, and I am now clean broke. Hereafter I'll fight for Bob Fitzsimmons and no one else. I am willing to take a chance with anybody living. I will fight Creedon at 11st 4lb, weigh in at the ring-side. I will post a forfeit of 2,500dols., providing Creedon and the club do the same. I'll pay my own training expenses, but I want the club to put up that amount, so as to compensate me in case the battle is interfered with by the authorities. If I fail to materialise the club will be ahead my 2,500dols. any way."

When asked what he had to say about Corbett's reported remark that before challenging him (Corbett) he (Fitz) should tackle Joe Choynski, and see if he can whip him, Fitz said: "Why, I've licked everybody in my class and a couple of heavy weights, too. If Corbett thinks he's hard game I'll take a chance with him."

Bob thinks Jackson will beat Corbett when the two meet, and pretty handily at that.

* * *

SOME few years ago all our good pugilists claimed Birmingham as home, and the town was noted for developing champions who knew the "game." Of late, however, the men who have represented that city have shown little or no ability in the squared circle, and invariably come to London to have their number taken down. No better men could be found in their day at even weight than Jem Carney and Frank Murphy, but since the death of the latter, and the retirement of the former, coupled with Billy Plimmer's going to the States, not a single man of any ability is left to uphold the town. The last one to go down before the heavy blows of a Londoner is Sam Sorrell, and he was administered his medicine by Harry Greenfield at the National Sporting Club, February 12. They were matched to fight twenty rounds at 8st 12lb for £25 a-side and an added purse of £30. Both were well within the prescribed weight limit when they entered the ring, and in the first round neither appeared over anxious to push matters. Sorrell finally went to his opponent and received a left hander in the mouth. He was slow to let drive his hands and acted like a novice in the ring. Greenfield finally perceived that his opponent was not overburdened with ability as a boxer, and after light exchanges he landed on the ribs. Sorrell dropped his guard and was presented with a right-hander on the jaw which sent him down. He arose just as time was called. Greenfield should have retired to his corner, but instead he committed a palpable foul by landing on Sorrell as the latter was about to start for his corner in a dazed condition. He avoided disqualification by pleading that he didn't hear the timekeeper. Careful nursing brought Sorrell around for the second round. Greenfield made tracks for the other directly the word was given, but he was very erratic in his deliveries, and when he did land there was little steam behind his blows. Though in distress Sorrell stuck to his work, but half way through the bout he again fell to the boards. Greenfield had numerous chances to bring off the right, but he was either too high or too low, and contrary to expectation Sorrell stood up until "time" once more came to his assistance. Further refreshed, Sorrell surprised the company by the manner in which he left his seat for the third round. Greenfield kept prodding away with the left hand and missing with the right. The visitor's head went backwards and forwards each time he was hit, but he took everything sent him in the gamest manner, and half-way through Greenfield received a steadier from the other's right. It was a spasmodic effort, however, and Greenfield went so well in the fourth round that the referee appeared on the point of stopping the contest. In the last ten seconds Sorrell was upset by a rap on the point, and the affair would have finished here but for the expiration of the bout. From this point it was only a question of how long Sorrell would stand up. Greenfield's left hand was continually in his face, and finally after Sorrell had been twice fought down the referee stopped the men in the seventh round, and awarded the contest to Greenfield.

Jim Keating and Bert Bolton were put together for six rounds in lieu of the shortness of the Greenfield-Sorrell battle. It was a well-contested bout throughout, Keating securing the verdict. It was pretty close, and both indulged in spirited work. "Massa" Simmonds, a coloured aspirant, was introduced in the preliminary bouts, and many looked for him to surprise the natives, because he had whipped a brace of street loafers on the Strand the previous week, but when he got in a ring he was out of his latitude. He kept bowing down, presumably to catch a glance at his friends in Africa. Ted Rich objected to this, and presented him with an upper cut. He did not relish such treatment, though he again ducked his head. A second upper-cut did the work. Simmonds was no hog, he knew when he had enough, and pushed out his hand as a signal to quit, thus bringing to a close the career of the "Barker" for the "Slave Market."

* * *

PETER JACKSON, the famous pugilist, speaks Danish fluently and French fairly well. His one great study is Shakespeare, and the ambition of his life is to play Othello. He knows the part perfectly, and has memorised nearly the whole play. He is very intelligent, and his perseverance is remarkable.

When Jackson was preparing to play Uncle Tom he and his stage manager met twice every day and rehearsed for two hours steadily each time. When a passage would be reached that seemed too difficult for him to master, or a piece of business that did not come natural for him to do, the stage manager would say, "Never mind, Peter, we'll cut it out," but Jackson would invariably say, "No, I'll stick to it till I get it right," and he always did. Those are the characteristics that have made him so successful.

Jackson is as tender as a woman, and he dearly loves children. While working at his trade, which was that of a boiler-maker (previous to his becoming a pugilist), he heard a woman scream, then a splash; he ran to the edge of the stream, threw down his tools, and sprang in after her. He brought her safely to land and went on with his work as though nothing remarkable had occurred. At one time he was considered the best long-distance diver in Australia.

* * *

CHARLEY MITCHELL, in a letter to a friend, regarding the late fight says:—"I can't make up my mind that I have gone back, for I believe I entered the ring as good as when I fought Sullivan to a draw. I tell you the American people have never sized Corbett up right. He is a cyclone, and as strong as a lion. I had no show whatever with him in a clinch. He is as quick as a feather-weight, and as powerful as Sullivan. We were bitter enemies before the fight, and tried hard to punish each other, and we may have lost our heads for the time being. As to fouls we were even. He struck me a light blow before I was on my feet, and I struck him twice on his going to his corner. I may have lost faith in myself in the second round, but I tried gamely to get as far as I could. I was terribly disappointed, as well as my friends, in not being able to last longer. I don't want anyone to tell me that Corbett can't strike a wicked, punishing blow. I thought I could punish him by infighting, but I found him very much at home there himself. I have seen Sullivan's wicked looks, but I never want to see another look like Corbett had when we started on the second round. It gave me a feeling I never had before. I am glad to say we have made up. I was clearly outclassed."

* * *

AT the Raglan Music Hall on February 12, Tom Ashwick, of Southwark, and Jack Mills, of Poplar, met to decide the best of 20 rounds with 4oz gloves at 8st 4lb, for £100 and an added purse of £40. The former, who is twenty years of age, had

a big pull in the matter of inches, as he stands 5ft 8in, whilst Mills, who is twenty-six years old, reaches 5ft 4in. Both men had taken great pains to get fit, Ashwick having trained at Hastings, in company with Sam Blakelock, whilst Mills did his work at Brighton under Ben Rowlands. Both looked hard and well, but Ashwick was a hot favourite, 2 to 1 about Mills finding few takers. In the opening round both were cautious, but at length Mills swung the left on the body and banged the right on the chest. Thirty seconds' sparring ensued, when Mills again swung the left on the ribs, but missed with the right. The Poplar lad then shot the left straight on his rival's cheek, and Ashwick clinched. Ashwick landed an upper cut in the beginning of the second round, and hot exchanges followed. Ashwick did some effective half-arm work, and just at the close of the round Mills rushed in and was floored with a right-hander on the face. When time was called for third round Mills appeared a trifle dazed, and Ashwick at once set about him. They had not been standing in front of each other more than a minute when Ashwick got the right home on the jaw. The blow did not seem a heavy one, but down Mills went, and before he rose time was counted out by Geo. Camp—who held the watch. Ashwick, the winner, was seconded by Blakelock and Bill Baxter.

* * *

HARRY SPURDEN, 9st champion of England, will be tendered a benefit at Washington Music Hall, Battersea, Thursday, March 22, when he will meet his old opponent Arthur Callan, of Wood Green, in a wind up of four rounds. Spurden has many volunteers who are to appear on the occasion, and a committee of well-known sporting men have the arrangement of the affair, which is pretty sure to reap a tidy sum of money for the clever 9st pugilist.

* * *

JIM HALL, Australian middle-weight, now in New York City, is going to California to see a match with Alex Greggains for a purse.

* * *

JACK MCAULIFFE, American light-weight, claims to have lost all his money in backing Mitchell to whip James J. Corbett, and now wants to arrange a fight with some light-weight to occur in June.

* * *

GEORGE SIDDONS and Dan Russell, 9st men, are matched to fight to a finish near New York City, in private, March 1, for £200.

* * *

THE Falls City Athletic Club of Spokane, Washington Territory, U.S.A., offer a purse of £9,000 for a fight between Corbett and Jackson to take place at Spokane.

* * *

H. KING, of Bloomsbury, defeated Jim Bateson, of Peckham, in the final bout of a 9st competition at Bermondsey on February 12.

* * *

JACK JORDAN, of Bromley, and Bill Page, of Millwall, met in a twenty-rounds contest in the East End of London on Feb. 12 to decide the ownership of a ten-pound note. They scaled at 9st 6lb each, and for eight rounds the match was evenly contested, then page fell weak, and was the receiver-general for about all the punishment. He was floored in the ninth round, and though he arose to continue, the referee brought matters to a focus by declaring Jordan the winner.

* * *

NED FLYNN gave an interesting meeting at the Kilburn Gymnasium February 12. A series of spirited three round bouts made way for a six round contest between Fred Scott and Arthur Chambers, which was well contested throughout. Scott showed to the best advantage and was given the award. Steve Lawlor and Tom Day were scheduled to contest twelve rounds. During the first seven rounds there was but little to choose between the men, but in the eighth Day got a lead. This he failed to maintain, however, for in the succeeding round Lawlor went at Day in a lively fashion, hitting him hard several times on the ribs, and the latter went down, but arose in time and resumed, only to go down once more, and then failing to rise in the 10sec allowed him, Lawlor was declared the winner.

* * *

SAM BLAKELOCK, of Battersea, has signed articles to meet John Boyle, of Glasgow, in a twenty round glove contest Monday, April 2, for £50 a-side, open to £100 a-side, and the best purse offered. The men are to fight in London at 9st 6lb (give or take 2lb), and Boyle is to be allowed £5 for expenses.

* * *

AT Finsbury Polytechnic Institute, February 10, W. Worthington defeated W. Hagan, in the final bout of an 8st novice competition, and in the final of the 9st competition, J. A. Francis beat W. Chaplin.

* * *

THE benefit tendered to Harry Nickless, 10st champion, at Royal Victoria Hall, Waterloo Road, February 12, was a success, notwithstanding the many counter attractions on the same night. The benificiary wound up with Barclay Perkins.

THREE contests were decided at Goodwins Gymnasium, February 12. The first—one of six rounds—brought together W. Howard and Jack Moore, who fought an even contest. Howard being the stronger of the two at the finish was given the award. In the second battle, Mike Small disposed of George Murray after six spirited rounds. The principle event was one of twelve rounds between Jack Fitzgibbons and Tom Read. The men did some very clever work, and though the match was quite evenly-contested, Fitzgibbons showed a superiority over his contestant, and was declared the winner.

* * *

GEORGE DIXON and "Young Griffo," of Australia, have been matched to fight to a finish for the feather-weight championship for the best purse offered and a side stake of 10,000 dols. The match was made at Chicago, U.S.A., February 4. Hugh Ream is Griffo's backer. He conceded practically every point to Tom O'Rourke, Dixon's manager and backer, and the conditions of the articles signed are such as to force the Australian to methods in conduct and training that he has never before observed.

Griffo and Dixon are to weigh in at 8st 8lb nine hours before the time set for the contest. Should either man exceed the weight limit his 5,000 dols. will be forfeited. It was agreed that should no responsible club offer a suitable purse the stakes should be pulled down and the match declared off. The battle will take place between June 1 and 25 next. One thousand dols. a-side was at once posted, and it was agreed to deposit the balance two weeks before the fight. It is expressly stipulated that the winner shall take the entire proceeds of the battle.

* * *

DAN CREEDON, Australian middle-weight, and Dick Moore are to box ten rounds in Boston, U.S.A., February 24, at catch-weights for gate receipts. The winner of the contest is pretty sure to push Bob Fitzsimmons hard for a finish fight.

* * *

THE selection of a referee for the prospective battle between Peter Jackson and Jim Corbett is causing considerable agitation among the sports in New York City. Among those prominently mentioned is Billy Edwards. It is generally admitted that he would be the right man in the right place. When asked whether he would accept if prevailed upon to act, he said:

"Yes, I think I would if the fight took place in England. Under no circumstances will I agree to officiate in America. I don't fancy being locked up after the contest. I think too much of my liberty for that you know. As far as both principals are concerned I stand on neutral ground, and the best fighter would win."

* * *

PROFESSOR ED. FERRIS, a well-known instructor of sparring, died at Boston Feb. 3. He was instructor at Harvard College and the Boston Athletic Association some time ago, but was waylaid by a footpad one night, and has not been in health since then, acting at times as though he was not in his right mind.

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"HONEST" JOHN KELLY, who refereed the Corbett-Mitchell fight, was to have been paid £200 for his services by the Duval Athletic Club of Jacksonville, but up to latest advices the £200 has not yet been paid to him.

* * *

FRANK SLAVIN'S offer to fight John L. Sullivan to a finish has created considerable talk in sporting circles about New York city. Jimmy Wakeley, a New York sport who backs John L., says:—

"I'll put up 20,000 dols. on the big fellow, for I think, in good shape, he can do Slavin in a romp. Where does Slavin come in now, any way? Why didn't he meet Sullivan when he had a chance? Charley Johnston and myself had to skirmish about town to find Slavin and get him to come to time, when he made a bluff that he would like to meet the big fellow. Mitchell can whip Slavin, and has done so, to my knowledge, twice. Corbett can take the whole Slavin family in the ring one after the other and put them all to sleep.

"If Slavin means business, let him forward a deposit to this country, and it will be immediately covered. It won't be no dilly-dallying this time. Either Slavin has to come to time or shut up his mouth and stop bluffing."

* * *

MARTIN COSTELLO, who was sentenced to serve two years in the Indiana penitentiary on the charge of riotous conspiracy for having engaged in a glove contest before the Columbian Athletic Club, at Roby, and fled to Canada, has voluntarily returned to Chicago, U.S.A., and will deliver himself to the Indiana authorities.

The case will now be carried to the Indiana Supreme Court, and according to the opinions of eminent jurists that body will deliver to Governor Matthews a body blow by declaring that the law passed by the last Legislature and signed by the Governor is unconstitutional. In this event boxing will be legal, and the Governor will be powerless in the future to prevent glove contests within the borders of the State.

Costello was convicted under the old "White Cap" Act, which did not in reality apply to his case. If the Supreme Court declares that the boxing law is constitutional then it is possible that Roby or some other point will be the scene of the contest between Corbett and Jackson.

* * *

THREE short rounds were boxed by Billy Plimmer and Johnny Van Heest, at the Empire Theatre, Chicago, U.S.A., Feb. 5, Plimmer fairly smothered the Chicago boxer, showing far better form than in the bouts with his sparring partner, Joe McGrath. The little Englishman was as lively as a cricket, and although the rounds were scarcely over a minute's duration, Van Heest was completely tired out at the finish.

* * *

STANTON ABBOTT says he will leave the States for England on March 10. He is scheduled to box Harry Gilmore at Chicago on February 28. An effort is being made to arrange a match between Abbott and Jimmy Dime of Amsterdam. Dime says if he does not succeed he will go to England and box Martin Denny.

## STAGE TALK.

LOTTIE COLLINS is on the war path in earnest this time, and seeks an interview with a reporter on the *San Francisco Examiner*, who declared that her resentment against a gallery god who guyed her at the theatre in San Francisco, U.S.A., Jan. 31, was due to the painful consciousness that a frost had fallen upon her. Lottie made the huge mistake of singing "Marguerite" during her first week instead of "Tar-ra-ra," which the public wanted to hear. It did not show

**Enough Legs for Them.**

The result has been that she has not made the hit she expected to. So when a fellow in the gallery annoyed her, she suddenly advanced to the footlights and called out in angry tones:

"Any bloke in the audience as don't like me act can go to the box hoffis and get 'is money back, 'e can."

If she had thrown a bomb she couldn't have created a greater sensation. Several nervous ladies left fearing a scene, and Lottie's attempt to placate the audience with "Ta-ra-ra" proved a failure. The English dancer was

**Beside Herself with Rage**

when shown the paper the following morning and read the exaggerated and rather malicious account of the incident. She asserted that she had only done what she had a right to, as American theatres lack the bouncer who in England always throws out those who guy actors. She alternately cried and abused the reporter and finally decided to whip him. At last accounts she was camping on his trail.

* * *

MISS MINNIE PALMER, who is shortly to appear at the Royalty in Mr. Fred (not William) Jarman's farcical comedy "The Little Widow," was last seen on the West End boards a short time ago at the Shaftesbury, where for a few nights she took the place of Miss Letty Lind in "Morocco Bound."

Two or three years back she had a short autumn season at the Vaudeville, where she was seen in "My Brother's Sister,' a piece of the American song-and-dance order, in which she had to assume three or four parts. At Christmas, 1892, she appeared at the Grand, Islington, as Morgiana in Geoffrey Thorne's pantomime, "The Forty Thieves."

People who have seen her only as the skittish, fair-haired heroine of "My Sweetheart" may be surprised to hear that in private life Miss Minnie Palmer is a quiet and demure little lady, and that her hair is really dark. The almost concurrent return to West End theatres of "Your Merrily" and "My Sweetheart," is piquant, to say the least, when their present matrimonial differences are considered.

* * *

MISS MYRA KEMBLE, the pleasing and talented Australian actress, who made a successful London debut at the Criterion in Robert Buchanan's "Man and the Woman," says that during the late general election in New Zealand, when women voted for the first time, she had to close her theatre for the whole of election week, owing to the political excitement amongst the ladies of all grades of society.

* * *

ALTHOUGH the fortune made by the late Henry Pettitt out of his plays is the largest ever yet left behind by an English dramatist, his earnings were by no means greater than those of some of his contemporaries. It was only in his later days that Pettitt's plays brought in immense revenues, for not the least successful of his works—some of which are still performed in the provinces—were written to order for no more pretentious fee than a five-pound note.

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MR. HENRY IRVING and Miss Ellen Terry appeared at Washington, U.S.A., February 12, in Lord Tennyson's "Becket." A large audience, which included President and Mrs. Cleveland, received the performance with enthusiasm.

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CHARLES H. HAWTREY, actor and theatrical manager, produced accounts at the Bankruptcy Court showing total liabilities £42,737 and a deficiency of £27,297. The failure is attributed to losses by theatrical speculations, extravagance in living, interest on borrowed money, and law costs.

## MR. JOE THOMPSON.

### A Noted Bookmaker and Sport.

*(With Portrait.)*

A SKETCH of Joseph Thompson, the noted bookmaker, will doubtless prove interesting reading to the sportsmen of the United Kingdom. He was born in London fifty-six years ago and when 16 years of age he went to sea, before the mast, to serve a five years' apprenticeship. A sailor's life was not one to be envied, as Joe soon realised, and when the craft had reached Sandwich, a district of Melbourne, Australia, he got into a cask and, with the aid of friends, the head was put in and then thrown overboard. It tossed about for many hours when it was brought ashore by natives, who at once set to work to knock the head in and secure the treasure which the barrel contained. When the head popped in Joe popped out and at once drifted into the city of Melbourne to seek his fortune. The country was sparsely settled and sports of every description in their infancy. It was not long ere Joe turned his attention to sporting, and was soon before the public as a bookmaker. By making a broad book he got an abundance of patronage, and developed into the prince of colonial pencillers. Through good judgment he soon accumulated a fortune which was roughly estimated at £100,000. He induced his younger brothers Barney, "Phin," and Jack to take up residence in the colonies, and the quartet, though each making a separate book, were regarded as thoroughly reliable men, Joe and Barney made Melbourne their headquarters, whilst Phin and Jack "pitched their tents" in Sydney. All the Australian oarsmen of recent years were brought into prominence through the Thompson family who were never afraid to risk plenty of cash on their choice. Jack developed James Stansbury with a champion some three years ago. He is the only male member of the family who is dead. Phin remains in Sydney; Barney and Joe came here some three years ago, the former making a book on the course, whilst Joe indulged in a pleasure trip to the States. While there Joe was associated with Ike Thompson, who probably makes the most liberal book on the American racecourse. Though Joe and Ike are in no way related to each other, they were inseparable when in the United States.

The illness of Mrs. Joe Thompson prompted Joe to return to London, which city he will now make his future home. He is well situated financially, and proposes passing the remainder of his days in retirement, or at least practically so, though he accepts half interest in the book which Barney makes on the races.

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BYERS: "What was your idea in getting vaccinated on your rheumatic arm?"

Sellers: "Economy of pain. It couldn't make the darned arm hurt worse than it did already."

## WILL HE SUCCEED?

**A Novel Wager not easy to Win.**

## FAIR EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY.

**How a Vagabond Improved his Wearing Apparel.**

## CHAMPION THIEF CATCHER.

**A Dublin Business Man Catches his Clerk in the Act.**

## HE SAW HIS EPITAPH.

**Johnson Returns Home to find he has been Mourned as Dead.**

## CHASED OUT OF HER ROOM.

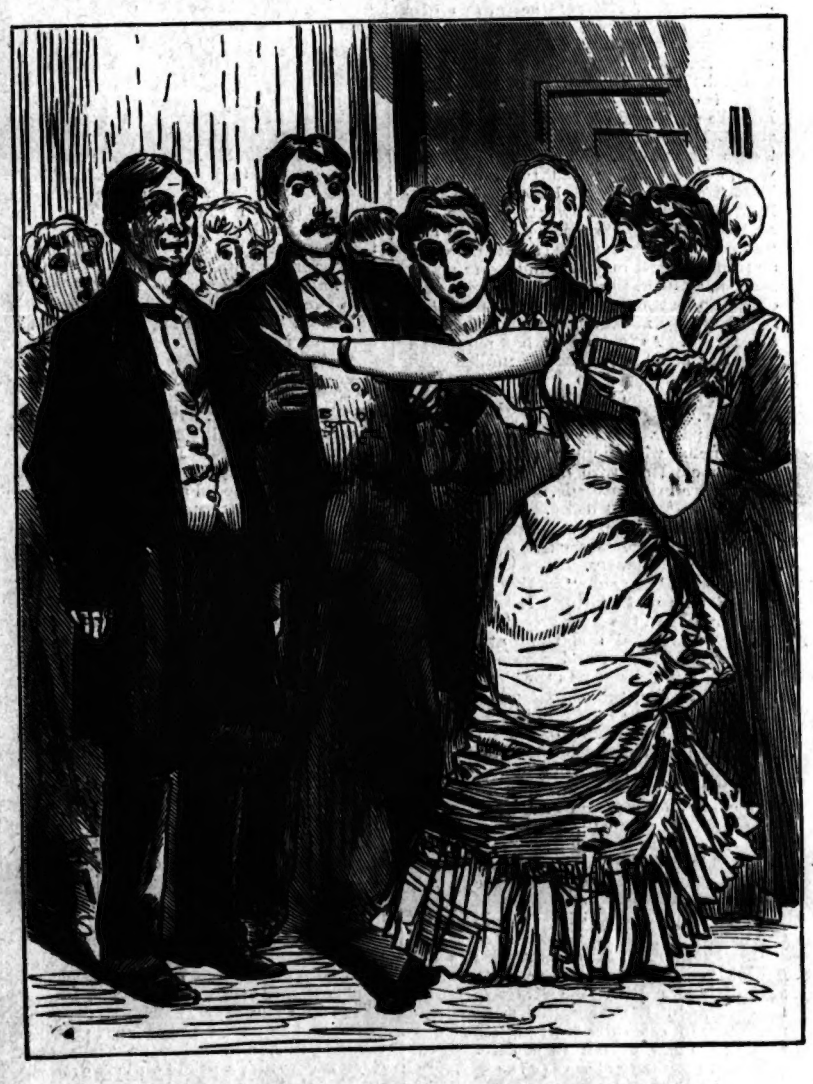
**Kate Cole's Experience of Married Life.**

## THE MISSING LINK.

**Positive Proof of a Wife's Infidelity.**

## SHE WISHED PAT WAS A LADY.

**An Old Irish Woman's Pride for her Son.**



## TOO RICH FOR HER BLOOD.

**The Results of a Matrimonial "Ad." at Glasgow.**

## BILLY THE KID'S TROPHIES.

### Was the Desperado Slain, or is He Still Alive?

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

We have read much about the doings of the desperadoes of the Western parts of America, and when one is sent to his long resting-place a sketch of his career reads more like fiction than facts. One of the most famous of bad men in the States is Billy the Kid, whom some claim is still alive, and in the south-western portion of the States.

Billy Bonney, or Billy the Kid, was born in the Bowery, in New York City, some time in the last of the '50s. His parents were Irish people, and while honest enough were very poor. In some fashion they went West, taking the redoubtable Kid with them. They settled in Santa Fé, N.M., and lapsed into a restaurant as a method of life. The restaurant must have failed by New Mexico standards. Perhaps the overripe appetites of a region given to chile concarne as a food, and mescal as a beverage failed to appreciate the milder points of Bowery cookery as brought West by the Bonneys. At any rate, our honest couple, with the Kid between them, veered further to the South-west, and the next one hears of them they have pitched camp at Silver City, Nevada.

Silver City was at that time an easy 1,000 miles from a railroad; was a land flowing with the desperado, and young Bonney grew up in an atmosphere of pistol smoke and poker. Feeling the nervous necessity for killing somebody, he must fix his social status. His surroundings taught him that in no other way could he be regarded as a success. The sooner he got a notch on the handle of his pistol the sooner he would be regarded as in full south-western fellowship. To kill a man was at that time regarded as much of a decoration in south-western New Mexico as the regalia of a Knight of the Bath is in England. At any rate, this was the feverish view instilled into the rather ardent nature of Billy the Kid.

He arrived at his first success with a negro soldier from Fort Cummings. This buffalo soldier, as the Indians called them on account of their woolly heads, got very drunk and very voluble, and, in the full expression of his feelings, concluded to whip Billy the Kid. The Kid at that time was only about sixteen, and, as he never at his heaviest weighed more than 9st, thrashing him didn't at first view present a host of difficulties. The troop of cavalry at Fort Cummings was a shy one. The Kid, it would seem, was of a very nervous nature. While Silver City sentiment justified the killing, nobody for one moment thought of interfering with the Kid. Still, the reflection must have preyed on Bonney, because two years later he developed into a full-fledged cattle thief. He did most of his stealing in the Texas Panhandle, and drove his cattle west, killed them, or sold them up about Fort Stanton or Fort Union. He was hunted and re-hunted by cattle people, and had a great many shooting scrapes, and was once or twice captured; but there was a strong interest in protecting him in New Mexico, as he was the cause of a great deal of cheap cattle to cattle buyers in that region. A great deal of the Kid's shooting was forced. As soon as he had name and fame as a blood letter, every drunken cowboy who happened to meet him alone couldn't resist the temptation of "tapping his game."

At Caparita there was one persistent cow puncher who simply would not let the Kid alone. He drove him into a fight. There was a brief fusillade, and the cowboy went thence without delay. They covered his body with a blanket, and then the Kid sat down on a coffee sack in a store near by and wept copiously.

"It seems," he said, "as though I have more of this sort of thing forced on me than any boy in the Territory."

He was arrested and tried at Lincoln county, New Mexico, and sentenced to be hanged. Pat Garrett was the sheriff, and, as he was leaving the court-room with the Kid after he was sentenced, the Kid, who had listened and looked on at his death sentence with an expression of mild, placid, grey-eyed interest, said, in a joking tone:

"Pat, to make that hanging a success I'll have to be there, won't I?"

"I reckon you will, Billy," said the sheriff.

"Well," said the Kid; "I don't intend to be there, so I'll allow you'll have to put it off."

Garrett put the Kid in the charge of two deputies by the names of Ollinger and Bell. These men, if reputation has an honest tongue, should have both been hanged before Billy the Kid was born. However, in the vicissitudes and the tendency to get things wrong end up, which even now prevail in south-western quarters, they were officers of the law.

They had the Kid penned up in a little 'dobe gaol. To watch him days more at their comfort, they used to keep him upstairs—the 'dobe building having two stories. A 'dobe gaol is, after all, no great obstruction to an industrious prisoner. He will cut through the dry side of it very readily. The Kid had broken out of a 'dobe construction, which was the Las Vegas bastile, and had walked off. To prevent anything of the sort after he was sentenced to be hanged, and had become a prisoner of considerable magnitude, either Ollinger or Bell or both were with him all the time.

The Kid had a heavy pair of leg locks on, and also was embellished with an old pair of handcuffs connected by a chain a yard long. The gaolers hated him and he them with the energy of a cat-and-dog antipathy, nor were they in the habit of taking off his handcuffs or indulging in hilarious card games with any such restless character. Neither Ollinger nor Bell was a fool. They knew the town right then was half made up of Bonney's friends. They knew, too, that if he ever got his hand on one of their guns they would have him to kill, even with the irons on. As a fact they never ceased to watch him and keep steadily beyond his reach. It was as if they were standing sentinel to a wildcat, and they knew it. The Kid's wrists were large and his hands were small, and the handcuffs were old and clumsy. He found out very soon that he could release his left hand. However, he didn't confide this to either Ollinger or Bell.

Matters ran on for several days. Garrett himself was away. It was about noon. Ollinger was cleaning a ten-gauge breech-loading shotgun. Bell sat there on a stool talking to him. The Kid was listening, but doing nothing. As Ollinger got through his gun-cleaning, he put a couple of cartridges into the piece, with the remark:

"There's just twenty-one buckshot in each cartridge."

"What are you loading that gun for?" inquired the Kid, with suspicious scorn.

"I'm loading it for you," said Ollinger, with a rather savage glare. This excited Bonney's wrath

"You may get it yourself," he retorted, and then poured forth a current of south-western vituperation which almost carried Ollinger off his feet.

Ollinger put the shotgun in a sort of locker which was fastened to the wall, and which contained an assortment of shotguns, Winchesters, and Sharp's rifles for use when the arm of justice should stand in need. He locked it up and told Bell he would go to dinner and then come back and relieve him. Bell still sat on a stool reading a paper. The Kid, whose fury at the shotgun incident seemed unusual, hastily made up his mind to bring matters to a focus. He was rather to the rear of Bell, whose six-shooter hung carelessly on his hip. The Kid made up his mind to acquire it. That would be a good beginning, and he hoped for much. He cautiously slipped off his left handcuff, slid off his chair, and started toward Bell. Bell heard his leg locks rattle, and realised his danger as if a rattlesnake had spoken. He never looked back, but made a jump like an antelope toward the stairs. The Kid was even quicker. He rushed upon Bell and succeeded in grasping his six-shooter and taking it from the scabbard, and as Bell fled down the stairs he shot him twice, and Bell curled up on the landing at the bottom very successfully killed.

Of course the town heard the shooting, and naturally Ollinger started for the scene on a run. The citizens generally stood hands off. The Kid had many friends who, while not saying much and taking no apparent side, would still readily have resented any attempt to interfere with him on the part of anybody not an accredited officer of the law. It was the sheriff's business to take Billy the Kid. That his friends all conceded. But it was not the business of any cow-punching Tom, Dick, or Harry, and should such a one interfere, these sullen adherents of the Kid would have regarded it as invidious, and would no doubt have spoken their revenge with their six-shooters.

The Kid was a fantastic person. He had killed Bell and he knew that Ollinger was on the run for the scene of action, and he made up his mind to kill him with that villain of a shotgun which had been loaded only a few minutes before, as Ollinger said, for him. He tore open the locker, got the gun just in time to appear at a side window and observe Ollinger drawing towards the door to come in. The Kid hailed him:

"Say, Ollinger!"

The Deputy Sheriff looked up, and without a word the Kid gave him both barrels plumb in the face and breast. Ollinger fell dead, and then the Kid's rage broke out again like a volcano. With a tremendous effort he broke the gun in two across his knee, and from the window hurled stock and barrels at Ollinger.

"I'll teach this son of a thief," said the Kid, "to load shotguns for me."

He then picked up a Winchester, worked it once to make sure that it was loaded, belted on some fifty cartridges, took his pistol, and appeared in the front porch of the building, and being on the second story it gave him a proud outlook over the street. Probably 200 people were there. Some, no doubt, were anxious to recapture the Kid. Others were not. No one cared to mingle with him, armed as he was and in his mood of blood. Without wasting much time the Kid suddenly presented his Winchester at the Clerk of the Court, whom he sighted in the throng. He ordered him to stand still or be shot. He then gave the citizens a mandate to send a blacksmith up to file his irons off. If it were not done at once he would shoot the Clerk. The blacksmith appeared, and the irons were filed off. When free the Kid signalised it by dancing a jig. He then demanded that his pony be brought out and saddled. This was done. He came down and mounted. In the foolish bravado of his nature he began spurring the horse about and exciting him in various cowboy fashions, and the restless beast, which hadn't found any employment lately, bucked Bonney off. He at once got up and hunted the Clerk with his Winchester, for it seems this foolhardy official was still standing around, and insisted that he would either have his pony caught for him or send the aforesaid clerk on the long trail. The pony was caught, and this time the Kid rode away. As he got to a point in the trail where a point of rocks was going to hide him from further sight he turned, waved his sombrero, and yelled:

"Three cheers for Billy the Kid!"

He then gave three cheers himself with great gusto, nobody joining.

When Garrett got back he at once set about the Kid's capture. There were several thousand dollars reward on the man, dead or alive, and another thing, Garrett's pride was involved as Sheriff of Lincoln county. He could not afford to stand Billy's escape.

The Kid had a love affair of rather a loose and irregular sort, but strong enought to lead him straight to the object of his affections. There was a fellow in New Mexico by the name Pete Maxwell. This Maxwell was half rancher and half thief. Bonney's inamorata was the half-bred daughter of Maxwell by a Mexican wife, and it was for Pete Maxwell's ranch the Kid started when he found himself free. Somehow Garrett knew which way the Kid was pointing. From now on I will tell the Garrett story of how he killed Billy the Kid, with some explanations, perhaps, of my own, and then I want to tell you the story which still subsists in New Mexico and can be heard from a dozen apparently worthy sources.

Garrett had seven or eight people with him. They went straight to Maxwell's ranch, which was a dirty little 'dobe affair in the Lincoln country hills It was nightfall when they got there—a moonlight night. They were two or three days behind the Kid. Garrett hid his men in a dark arroya about forty or fifty rods from Maxwell's house. He was going up to the ranch house alone.

"If I'm not back in half an hour," said Garrett," come up. If you hear shooting, come, and come a-running."

He then went up to Maxwell's house, making the trip on foot, so as not to attract attention. It was dark, except for the moonlight. He rapped at the door, which was opened, and Maxwell feebly invited him to come in. Maxwell was sick, and lying on his blankets in a corner. No one else happened to be in sight, so Garrett's coming was not known at the time except to Maxwell. Of course Maxwell knew Garrett, and Maxwell feared Garrett. His own criminal acts were well enough known to Garrett to authorise Maxwell's arrest at any time. Maxwell knew this, and was disposed to sing very low and very respectfully when he realised the identity of his visitor.

"Where's Bonney?" asked Garrett in a low tone.

"I don't know," said Maxwell. "He's been here, but he don't stop at the ranch house. He comes up for grub, but where he's hiding I don't know."

Garrett continued to talk with Maxwell, and in order to be safer, laid down with him on the blankets. The room was dark as pitch, while the moonlight lit up the scene outside, as one might observe through the open door.

"The Kid's liable to be here any minute," said Maxwell, "although I don't know for sure whether he'll come at all"

As Garrett and Maxwell continued to talk in whispers a step was heard outside.

"That's the Kid," said Maxwell, and Garrett of course felt sure it was. The Kid came to the door. He didn't make much noise, for he was barefooted. He seemed to snuff danger in the air like a mouse. He stepped suspiciously in the door, and speaking in Spanish said:

"Quien esta, quien esta?" (Who's there, who's there?)

Garrett was as brave a man as ever belted on a gun, but he also keenly realised the desperate character of the Kid and his lightning-like quickness with a pistol. As the Kid stood in the door proffering his Spanish inquiry Garrett shot him without a word. 'Twas just as well that way, and certainly much the surer method. Garrett's men came up. The Kid was dragged out into the moonlight, and after a brief powwow was buried. Garrett received his several thousands reward, had a big supper at Albuquerque, and was for ever afterward known as the man who killed Billy the Kid That is where Garrett's story ends. The cowboys of Vegas and North-eastern New Mexico tell the story that Garrett shot a half-witted sheep herder, and not Billy the Kid that night, and claim that Billy was an onlooker at the powwow, and it was arranged for him to leave New Mexico, taking Maxwell's daughter with him. He went to Seven Rivers, where Clay Allison and other worthies of the range, saddle, and six-shooter also had their habitats, had quite a bunch of cattle, and was getting along first rate, and had carried to his new home the person and the loving affections of the Maxwell girl, Billy receiving visits from many of the desperadoes. Indians falling across his path are invariably killed and their

**Scalps Nailed to the Cabin**

as trophies. That is the cowboy version of the killing of Billy the Kid.

The Kid was an object of great terror to the Mexican inhabitants of towns like Las Vegas. A rather amusing proof of it occurred one day. Garrett had the Kid under arrest, and was taking him by passenger train to jail. The train stopped a half hour for dinner at Las Vegas. Everybody knew that Bonney was on the cars. Several went in to see him. He sat meek and small in his seat, as well he might, for he was fastened to that article of furniture by his handcuffs. Presently a large number of Mexicans were gathered outside on the platform. They became vastly excited. The Kid had harassed and on more than one occasion killed several of their tribe. They concluded to take a leaf out of the gringo book and lynch him.

Garrett, like all the Americans of the South-west, had no fear and only a great languid contempt for Mexicans. He scoffed at them and expostulated with them when they demanded the Kid at his hands. Finally he told them that unless they went immediately away he would go in and release the Kid and set him on the platform with a six-shooter in each hand and let the Mexicans take him. The Kid was quite delighted by the proposal, but before any one could act on it every Mexican had disappeared. They just simply hit a high place or two and were miles away.

## WILLIAM MULDOON.

### Noted American Wrestler.

*(With Portrait.)*

There is probably no better known man in the athletic line in the United States than William Muldoon. In 1878, he was a member of the Broadway Police Squad, and at that time became quite an adept at wrestling. Resigning his position of the police force he followed wrestling for a livelihood, and for many years he was conceded to be the best Græco-Roman wrestler extant. Clarance Whistler, was the only man who came forward as superior to Muldoon at that particular style of wrestling.

Muldoon trained John L. Sullivan for his fight with Jake Kilrain, and subsequently managed Kilrain in an exhibition tour of the States. Though Muldoon has retired from wrestling in any match contest, he manages an athletic and variety combination, which goes on tour each season.

## TOO RICH FOR HER BLOOD.

### The Results of a Matrimonial "Ad." at Glasgow.

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

"This is how it was brought about," says a Glasgow correspondent, "and I'm quite certain it will be many a day before the young lady will show herself again in any public place. Last summer an 'ad.' appeared in a matrimonial column of a certain paper, which read as follows:—

"A gentleman possessing independent means, aged 28 years, of Welsh parentage, desires to form the acquaintance of a young lady of prepossessing appearance, with a view to matrimony.—Address, T., 3, —— Wales.' A young lady in —— Street responded to the 'Ad.,' and correspondence was at once begun. Portraits were exchanged, and everything went along smoothly till the other day, when it was arranged for the proposed bridegroom to turn up at Glasgow, where the nuptial ceremony was to be performed. The young lady treasured the portrait, and in order not to be deceived placed it next her heart. Decending to the drawing-room she was brought face to face with the object of her attentions. On being introduced y th. 'best man!' she suddenly turned pale. and immediately produced the photo. The original would have made a suberb sign for a misfit draper's shop, his coat being t.. sizes too large and the face of him was sufficient to shock any fair maiden. 'What!' she exclaimed, 'marry that thing there! Not if I know myself! Why, he is the very worst specimen of humanity I ever came in contact with!' Timely aid prevented her falling there and then. The shock was so great that she was assisted to bed, and the willing-to-be bridegroom quietly departed, remarking that life was too uncertain to depend on and the blooming idiot of a girl too frivolous for him. It caused a painful lesson to be taught: Never agree to accept a suitor who advertises, because if he is a good catch there are plenty of girls to hunt him up."

## HER WEIGHT GAVE HER AWAY.

In England, says a correspondent, a woman can no longer be legally compelled to live with her husband. That these things are managed, if not better, at least very differently on the Continent is pretty evident from the following curious adventure, which happened to a Croatian lady of Essegg, who was minded to imitate Ibsen's Nora, a few days ago and actually left her husband's home. As soon as her better half, who is a well-known sausage manufacturer in the city of Essegg, found himself deserted, he made inquiries, which led him to believe that his wife had left by the slow train for the town of Pecs, in Hungary. He then forwarded the following telegram to the police prefect of Pecs: "A lady due by slow train. She weighs exactly eighty-three kilogrammes (thirteen stone). I beseech you to arrest the same, for she is my runaway wife." The police prefect, on receiving this telegram despatched a discreet police officer to take his stand on the railway platform and await the arrival of the train. When the train came in the policeman was extremely embarrassed whom to deprive of liberty, for most of the female passengers were so decidedly inclined to *embonpoint* that he sorrowfully shook his head and remarked that if things were as they ought to be in this unjust world "most of them ladies there would have had to take double tickets." It was most embarrassing. The agent, however, cut the Gordian knot by requesting all the stout ladies, without exception, to step for a moment into the luggage-weighing room. Here he had them weighed, and only one of the goodly gathering turned the scale at 13st. "Where have you come from, ma'am?" asked the policeman. "From Essegg. Here is my ticket," was the reply. "Very well. Please follow me to the station. You others may all go home." A few minutes later the lonely sausage maker was informed by telegram that his faithless spouse was under lock and key, and would be delivered up to him whenever he might find it convenient to come and fetch her. How would Ibsen's Nora have demeaned herself had she been living in Hungary when she forsook her husband?

## HE LOST THE COAT.

"It was so thoughtful of you, Herbert," said his young wife, meeting him at the door, "to send a man for your overcoat; you knew there was a cold wave coming, and——"

"What are you talking about, Marie?" said Herbert. "I didn't send a man for my overcoat."

"Why, yes, Herbert, you did. Don't you remember? About the middle of the afternoon you sent a very pleasant and nice-appearing young man to tell me I must let him have your best overcoat, and you hadn't time to send a note, but it was hanging on the hall rack and you would need it before dark, and of course I let him have it, and—why, Herbert, what is the matter, and why haven't you got it on, and can it be possible that——"

But there are scenes too sacred to be profaned by the presence of listeners. Herbert has begun to speak. Let us hasten to retire.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**IT WILL** drive the humor from your system, and make your skin clean and smooth. Those Pimples and Blotches which mar your beauty are caused by **IMPURE BLOOD.** They can be removed in a short time, if you are wise and use the great blood purifier, Sulphur Bitters,

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**DON'T WAIT. GET IT AT ONCE.**

Sulphur Bitters will cure Liver Complaint. Don't be discouraged;

**IT WILL CURE YOU.**


## MISS LILLIAN SMITH.

**Expert Rifle Shot.**

*(With Portrait.)*

Those who attended the Buffalo Bill Show in London some years ago will remember Miss Lillian Smith, the expert rifle shot. She is a native of California, and, though just out of her teens, has been before the public fully ten years. She is very clever with the rifle at hitting with a bullet stationary and moving objects.

## A SCHEME FOR CATCHING MUGS.

**How Two Sharks Milked Cranks on Morality out of a Lot of Money.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

The rising generation is leading a much faster life than did their forefathers, that no one can deny, but it is merely the result of advanced knowledge. Every young man is pretty sure to have "wild oats" to sow, and, while he may be indiscreet at times too much restraint should not be placed upon him. It must be admitted that there exist in our country necessary evils, which if suppressed would only crop out in some other and more injurious form. People who have deprived themselves of all luxuries through life for the sake of hoarding up gold are usually the most unreasonable in their suggestions to suppress necessary evils, and are always too willing to point out faults of the youth who is just cropping into manhood.

Take a clergyman of the old school, for instance, and

**He is Horror Struck**

if a young lady should acknowledge to witnessing such class play as *La Tosca*, or even see a light comic opera or comedy. It is merely innocent amusement and does no harm, though it be a crime in the eyes of a clergyman.

Let a private club promote a boxing contest and say that

**Reporters are Barred Out.**

That will not prevent the reporters from going there, and if they meet with a closed door then they hold a council and arrange to air their grievances in the papers, and it only requires one or two such public reports to start the moral crank to work suppressing, or trying to suppress, boxing sport.

Probably the cleverest dodge ever engineered was by two broken-down gamblers, who inaugurated a "society for interfering with

**Other People's Business."**

A meeting was called, and one officiating as a committee of one, to act as treasurer, too, whilst the other done the speaking, crying down the evils of this wicked world. It drew together a band of old fossils who contributed liberally to a fund for the suppression of vice. The two scapegoats met at the club, and whilst mapping out their future plans, enjoyed the "best in the house." Offices were secured and sumptuously fitted up. A series of circular letters mailed to people, where they would do the most good, appealing for funds to continue a crusade which had been inaugurated. Deluded cranks responded by the dozens, depositing gold to swell up the fund. All the money paid in was just so much grist to the mill, and was divided up by the artful coves, who realised how soft some people could be on certain subjects. The annual report, of course, was a brilliant one, and raids on proprietary clubs were shown to the best advantage as a portion of the society's work in suppressing immorality. Interfering with other people's business is a tact with some people who delight in grasping every opportunity to smirch somebody or something.

## SHE AVENGED AN INSULT.

**A Professional "Masher" entrapped into a Good Beating and a Dose of Tacks.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

There can be nothing more obnoxious to a married lady than to have a man stare at her, or try to engage in a flirtation. Take it at the theatre, the reception, or even on the street, you will notice the professional "masher," who delights in luring a lady or maiden to ruin. In the theatre you will perceive him

**Attired in Evening Dress,**

surveying the audience to select a target for his advances, and from the time the curtain is rung up, till it falls on the last act, he will devote his entire attention to the one he has singled out. If the opportunity presents itself after the show he will find it convenient to stumble against the fair one and then offer apologies for the error. Should he be courteously treated he will try to force an acquaintance. One of the masher element met the wrong lady the other evening, and the latter, to have her revenge, accepted an invitation to a wine supper and a ride home. During the conversation an appointment was made for the "masher" to call the following Friday evening at a cosy home in the North of London, when the husband would attend the lodge.

The lady informed her husband of what transpired, and at his dictation she penned aline to the "masher," that in coming on Friday evening to take off his boots and enter the drawing room at eight o'clock sharp in stocking feet, so the servant would not hear the entrance. The husband sprinkled the floor with carpet tacks and his wife remained on the opposite side of the room for the sport to proceed. It is hardly necessary to say that when the clock struck the hour, the misguided youth put in an appearance. He had hardly got in the room ere the husband swooped down on to him with a walking stick, every blow bringing forth a howl of pain which startled the neighbourhood. The visitor was kept dancing on the tacks till the blood streamed from his socks, and was then sent adrift. It will be many a day before he will walk without a limp, and the next time he receives an invite he will not be too hasty to accept.

## SHE SLEPT IN MUD.

**Strange Freak of Louisa Weston.**

*(Subject of Illustration.)*

At one o'clock Sunday morning, Feb. 13, Louisa Weston (22) was found lying asleep in a heap of soft mud in Graham Road, Hackney. She had her boots and stockings off, had loosened all her clothing, and laid down in the mud as if she were in bed. An empty spirit-bottle was at her side. A policeman got her up, and finding that she was drunk he took her to the station. Mr. Holmes, the missionary at North London, said that he had known the prisoner for some years. Everything possible had been done for the girl, but all to no purpose. It was further stated that the prisoner got out of Mrs. Bramwell Booth's Home, Brent House, Devonshire Road, only that night. Mr. Lane gave her the option of a 5s. fine or five days' imprisonment.

## TOMMY ORANGE.

**Retired East London Pugilist.**

*(With Portrait.)*

Veteran followers of the prize ring are all acquainted with Tommy Orange, retired feather-weight, and his career. He was born in Bethnal Green thirty-eight years ago, and when but eighteen he sought fame in the roped arena. He was backed by John Fleming, manager of the National Sporting Club, who at that time was proprietor of the Five Ink Horns, a rendezvous for sporting celebrities. Orange has participated in ten glove fights and two pitched ring battles, and came out victorious in all. He was to have gone to America a year ago with a view to engaging in a fight with some of the Yankee "pugs," but business matters prevented his leaving home. He is the possessor of the champion trotting pony, which he will match against all comers. Though Orange has abandoned boxing as a profession, he still retains his love for the game, and is always prepared to use his best endeavours to encourage the modern pugilists, and advance the manly art into popularity.

## HE RELIEVED HIS MIND.

He had a worried look on his face as he stepped into the busy man's office.

"Excuse me," he said, "but from your appearance you are an intelligent man, and I take it for granted that you have read 'Catherine and Petruchio,' or seen it performed on the stage."

"I have seen it."

"No doubt you are also acquainted with Baron Munchausen."

"Yes."

"Do you"—and the visitor fixed his eye earnestly upon the other man's face—"do you know the difference between them?"

"Of course I do," answered the victim, as his fingers nervously clasped a heavy glass paper-weight.

"But do you see the same difference that I see?"

"I—I don't know about that."

"Well here it is: One is the Taming of the Shrew and the other is the shaming of the true."

His drawn features relaxed. A smile illumined his countenance, and a sigh escaped him. He had at last gotten it off his mind.


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"Armley Road, Leeds, January, 1894.

"Dear Mrs. King,—I must thank you very much for sending Elixir so promptly. It has answered its purpose splendidly. Will recommend it to all my friends. . . .—Very thankfully yours,
"Mrs. L. M."

"County Terrace Street, London, S.E.,
"January 18, 1894.

"My Dear Madame,—Accept my sincere thanks. The Pills have done all wished for, and I have been relieved of four months' agony of mind. Please send me a 7s. 6d. bottle for a friend of mine. P.O. enclosed.—Truly yours, "Miss A. W."

"Queen's Hotel, Southsea, January 19, 1894.

"Dear Madame,—Since writing for another box of Pills the desired result has been brought about, for which I do most heartily thank you. Best wishes. Hoping your firm will soon be better known.—Yours faithfully, "Miss P. L."

"Frederick Street, St. John's Wood,
"January 20, 1894.

"Dear Madame,—For the third time your Elixir has proved a grand success. What time and money poor women like myself would save if they did but come to you first!—Very sincerely,
"Madame J. de F."

"Dear Mrs. King,—After wasting all my spare money on useless Medicines I was then advised to send to you. I did so, and am now writing to thank you greatly, as it has cured me after three months' suspense.—Very truly yours, "Mrs. F."

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